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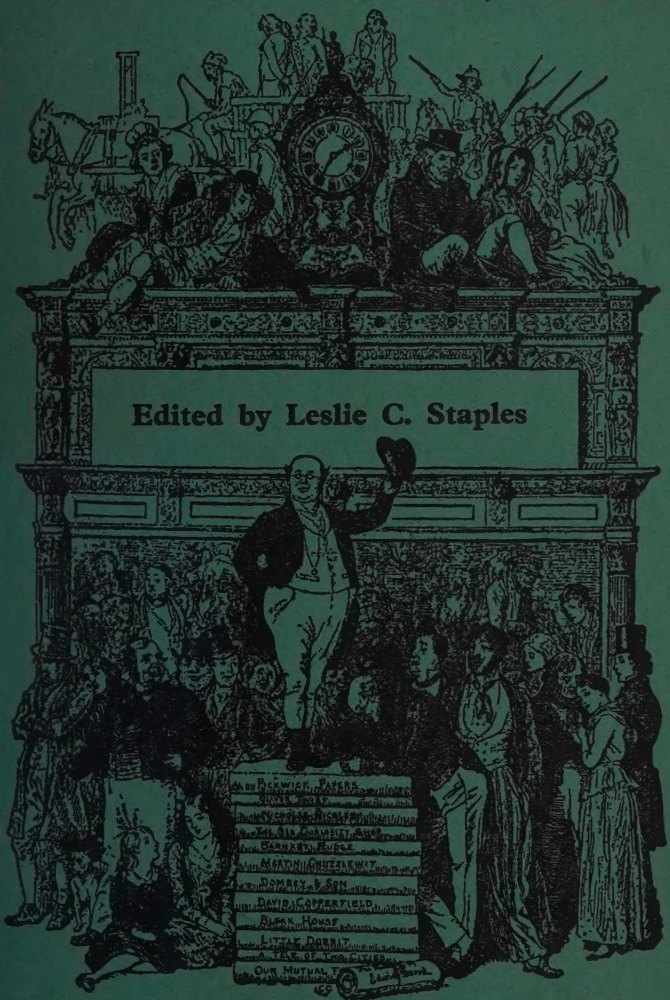

Edited by Leslie C. Staples

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John Butt is Professor of English in the University of Durham; Mrs Tillotson is Reader in English Literature in the University of London, Bedford College. *25s. net*

Methuen

H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at the Dickens House.
Seated with Her Majesty are the Dean of St. Paul's, Chairman of the Trustees, and Mr. John Greaves,

THE DICKENSIAN

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. LIII. MAY 1957 No. 322

H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

visits

THE DICKENS HOUSE

WHEN H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended the Dickens Fellowship Jubilee Performance given by Mr. Emlyn Williams at Drury Lane, in November, 1952, she expressed a wish to the officers, when they were received in the Royal Box, to visit the Dickens House. Her intention was put into effect on the afternoon of February 28th, a date that will ever rank as one of the most notable in the history of the house.

By Her Majesty's express desire, the visit was a private one. She was received by the Chairman of the Trustees, the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews (Dean of St. Paul's) and Mr. John Greaves (Hon. Secretary), when she arrived at three o'clock, attended by the Lady Jean Rankin and Major John Griffin. In the hall a Victorian bouquet was presented by Miss D. L. Minards, Assistant Secretary to the Fellowship since 1922, and in the Dining Room, Mr. E. J. Mitchell, O.B.E., Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. Leslie C. Staples, Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian*, were presented.

Mr. Greaves outlined the history of the house to Her Majesty and conducted her through the ground floor rooms. A similar honour fell to Mr. Staples on the first floor. It was thought that with the limited time at her disposal, Her Majesty would not mount higher, but she insisted on going up to the rooms on the second floor, and throughout the house evinced the greatest interest in all she was shown, and asked many questions about it, about Dickens, and the Fellowship. The many admirers of the art of Mr. Greaves will be pleased to learn that in explaining the history of the Moses Pickwick clock, he had an opportunity of reciting the little scene about Sam Weller finding his master's name on the coach door, which greatly amused the distinguished visitor.

Apart from the collection now displayed, the domestic arrangements of Dickens's home, and the outlook from it, greatly interested Her Majesty, as well as the little room now the office of the Fellowship, and the adjoining room. Finally she descended to the " Dingley Dell " kitchen, gay with flowers in her honour, as were the other rooms of the house. Here the visitors' book was signed, and the photograph, which appears opposite, taken. Her Majesty graciously accepted from the Editor, copies of *The Dickensian*; a current number, and the Dickens Fellowship Jubilee Commemoration Number. In saying that she looked forward to

reading them, she commented on their attractive appearance. Thus ended this memorable visit, originally designed to last half an hour but which lasted almost an hour. Her Majesty's thanks were most cordial and her departure was marked by an affectionate demonstration from the crowd which was even larger than on her arrival.

Subsequently, the following letter was received:

CLARENCE HOUSE, S.W.1.
1st March, 1957.

Dear Mr. Greaves,

I am commanded by Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother to write and tell you how very pleased Her Majesty was to visit The Dickens House yesterday.

It gave Queen Elizabeth great pleasure to be shown round the house and to have all the interesting and historical records, which are now housed in the museum, so well explained to her by yourself and Mr. Staples.

I am further to say that Her Majesty much appreciated the admirable arrangements which were made for her visit, and I am to send you Queen Elizabeth's best wishes for the continued success of the Dickens Fellowship.

Yours sincerely,

A. J. S. GRIFFIN,
Equerry to Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother.

John Greaves, Esq.,
Hon. Secretary,
The Dickens Fellowship.

WHEN FOUND—

Devonshire Terrace The Dickens Fellowship and the St. Marylebone Society are making every effort to secure the preservation of 1 Devonshire Terrace, the home of Charles Dickens from 1839 until 1850. The owners are desirous of demolishing it to make way for a block of offices. The house is scheduled as a building of historic interest, but this merely means that it may not be interfered with without license from authority under the Town and Country Planning Act, in this case the L.C.C. The matter was raised in Parliament by Mr. Kenneth Robinson, M.P., author of the first biography of Wilkie Collins. No announcement has yet been made of any decision. As Tavistock House was destroyed many years ago, the disappearance of 1 Devonshire Terrace would leave 48 Doughty Street as the only permanent home of Dickens remaining in London.

* * * * *

Worcester, Mass. This year the Worcester, Mass., Branch of the Fellowship celebrates its Silver Jubilee, and in honour of the event, Dickens's reception by prominent townsfolk was dramatised and presented at the Anniversary Meeting.

Dickens's Letters Mr. Graham Hough has resigned as Editor of the Pilgrim Edition of Dickens's Letters, now in preparation, a post which he accepted after the death of Humphry House. Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, the publisher, announces that three editors have now been appointed, acting jointly. They are Mrs. Humphry House, Dr. K. J. Fielding, and Mr. Graham Storey, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. Mrs. House has been working continuously for years on the work of assembling texts from all over the world, and we feel every satisfaction that her great work for the project has been recognised by her appointment as an editor-in-chief. The first two volumes are not expected to appear for a year or two.

* * * * *

"Thingummy" *The Manchester Guardian* amusingly comments on the latest Russian translation of *Oliver Twist*, in which the impression is conveyed to readers that "Thingummy" is a common British surname. It is reported that one of the "formidable work-house crones is allowed to address her colleague as the Russian equivalent of 'Meessees Teengammy'."

* * * * *

Philadelphia Public Library Miss Ellen Shaffer, librarian of the Rare Book Department at the Public Library in Philadelphia, writes that a further eighty-one Dickens letters have been presented by Mrs. D. Jacques Benoliel, widow of the great collector. The total of the letters from his collection now in the Library is close upon five hundred, which possess six hundred and fifty Dickens letters in all. All will, in due time, appear in the Pilgrim Edition.

* * * * *

S.S. Britannia An interesting account of the *Britannia* in which Dickens sailed to America in 1842, is to be found in *The Transatlantic Mail* (Adlard Coles, Southampton, 45*s*.). The author's name will be familiar to our readers—Mr. Frank Staff—the son of a greatly loved London member.

* * * * *

Welcome Haarlem A most hearty welcome is extended to the new branch of the Dickens Fellowship which has recently been formed at Haarlem, Holland. It is the first to be founded in that country, and is the only one existing at present on the continent of Europe. Dickens is extremely popular there, and an admirable new edition of the novels, in Dutch, published at a very reasonable price, has recently been completed.

* * * * *

Our Friends A third list of "Friends of *The Dickensian*" appears on page 126. Sixteen Branches have now sent contributions, and doubtless others will follow. The amount of the subscription, in addition to the price of the magazine, is left to the discretion of the "Friend." Everything would seem to indicate that the plan will succeed. In the meantime will all those who have already responded accept our most grateful thanks. Ultimately they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they materially helped to save the magazine which, clearly, they highly value.

LESLIE C. STAPLES

IMMORTAL MEMORY

A Toast at the Dinner in Celebration of the 145th Anniversary of the Birth of Charles Dickens, at the Cafe Royal, London, February 7th, 1957.

By Edgar Johnson
(author of "Charles Dickens, his Tragedy and Triumph")

IT is a great honour and happiness to be here proposing this toast to-night, and one having for me an almost magical fairy-tale atmosphere with which I feel Dickens would have sympathised. You all remember how in *David Copperfield* he images Uriah Heep half-cringingly gazing on Agnes Wickfield like "an ugly and rebellious genie watching a good spirit"; and the entire body of his work is suffused with such deep and symbolic echoes of the Arabian Nights, the fairy tales, and the mythical and legendary. So Miss Betsey Trotwood is the fairy godmother; Wackford Squeers is the ogre of legend with Dotheboys Hall, the dungeon-prison of the children he devours; and the schoolmaster McChoakumchild in *Hard Times* is portrayed as a Utilitarian Morgiana striving to fill his childish vessels brimful of boiling fact and slay the robber Fancy that lurks within.

My own presence here to-night that robber Fancy persuades me to associate with the number Seven, which you all know is a magical one. Snow White had her Seven Dwarfs; there are the seven-branched candlesticks of festival ceremony; and there are the seven cardinal virtues triumphing over the seven deadly sins. Thus by a complicated—a cabalistic—intermeshing of circumstances it has worked out that this Birthday Dinner of the central Fellowship, the fountain-head and parent body of all the Dickens Fellowships, is precisely the Seventh—a magical and climactic Seventh—at which I shall have spoken. There have been Boston and New York and Philadelphia, where there are Dickensians as enthusiastic as those who first welcomed Dickens to America in 1842. There has been Chicago, where this last summer graduate students had a seminar on Dickens at the University, and whither, in 1868, you will recall, he refused to go. To the scandalised protest that Chicago would go into fits he replied, "I'd rather they went into fits than I did." (But Chicago, we may note, has forgiven him, and even named an avenue after him.) Two years ago I was at the Dinner of the Los Angeles Dickens Fellowship, and the last Fellowship Dinner I addressed was at almost precisely the opposite point of the globe from where we now sit, the Birthday Dinner of the Dickens Fellowship of Honolulu, with palm trees and hibiscus just outside the open windows and a *lei* of plumerias around my neck.

Thus has the influence of Dickens circled the entire earth and his genius, as Lord Lytton finely said, conquered the world in one of those few conquests that the conquered bless: so that to-night from halfway around that globe I am able to bring to the old world the tribute of admiration and love from the new, to the eastern waves of that great English-speaking community of which we are all a part the respect and fellowship of its American cousins, and

to London and England which were the cradle of Dickens's glorious achievement the gratitude of all mankind.

Now, at this time in our common history, it is a propitious occasion on which thus to reaffirm with ringing clarity the ties that bind us together. No one believed in them more earnestly and asserted them more eloquently than Dickens himself. And I, who say this, have not forgotten *Martin Chuzzlewit* and its hilarious lambasting of the America of the 1840's: Americans winced and howled at the time, but Dickens had not been more gentle with abuses at home and his satire led to no lasting ill-will. If, then, Dickens spoke for his countrymen when he said, " the English heart is stirred by the fluttering of those Stars and Stripes, as it is stirred by no other flag that flies except its own," I believe that I may speak for mine in the thrill we feel at the waving of that banner in which are united the crosses of St. Andrew, St. Patrick and St. George, the rampant figures of those heraldic beasts the Lion and the Unicorn, and the long mighty pageant of English glory from Coeur de Lion to Sir Winston Churchill. The names of Elizabeth and Drake, of Pitt and Nelson, move American hearts only less than those of our own Franklin and Jefferson, Washington and Lincoln; and the noble roster of English literature in which Dickens is one of the fixed and blazing stars we have long felt a part of our very being.

That unity is a significant aspect of Dickens's greatness that he perceived and voiced almost ninety years ago. It is therefore fitting that we should here repeat his assertion of the brotherhood of England and America: " It would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg and abandoned to the Arctic fox and bear, than that it should present the spectacle of these two great nations, each of which has, in its own way and hour, striven so hard and so successfully for freedom, ever being arrayed the one against the other."

But Dickens's affirmation of Anglo-American brotherhood is only one manifestation—though a significant one—of his lifelong celebration of the brotherhood of man. This, indeed, seems to me the very essence of Dickens's achievement, the root of everything most characteristically splendid in his art. So delightful a dinner as we have been enjoying is no fit occasion for a lecture, and I shall try to be neither solemn nor longwinded: though all three of these represent grave dangers for a professor: but I believe, let me repeat, that Dickens's more-than-perception, his deep *feeling* of human brotherhood is the pulsing heart of all his work, the source of all its positive values—of its enormous relish for experience, its sympathy for men and women of all kinds, its deep, laughing, and compassionate understanding.

In his love of humanity Dickens is essentially democratic. There is no snobbery in him; he never patronises or sniffs. His laughter, predominantly so glowing, friendly, and affectionate, could freeze into a dangerous indignation; but never in his life was it the product of conscious or affected superiority. Even those whom he regarded as the foes of human welfare he paid the compliment of fighting as fellow human beings, and if they seemed to his humane anger too wrong and too dangerous to be held as

fellows, however mistaken, he could still not despise them: his imagination could explain them to his heart only by presenting them as ogres or monsters, like Sir Mulberry Hawk, Sir John Chester, or Mr. Vholes. But even so, it is only the enemies of human brotherhood that Dickens ever attacks; for humanity that does not deny its humanity he has only the broadest and warmest sympathy. Dickens was not disgusted by a lively scoundrel like Mr. Jingle or revolted by Jo's malodorous body and verminous rags; he feels no scorn for the darkened wits of Barnaby Rudge nor for the shabby and bibulous Newman Noggs.

Even for the merry and blackhearted Fagin in his greasy thieves' kitchen Dickens has a gleam of sympathy: although that is a very different thing from palliation or approval. But in the core of Fagin's villainy there still lurks a kind of hellish good-humour, a corrupted *camaraderie*; and it may be questioned, Dickens makes clear, whether his training of young criminals, for all its viciousness, does as much harm in totality as the frigid rectitude of Mr. Dombey regarding all life as a matter of bargain and sale and ignoring the slums produced by forms of pride and acquisitive greed like his own. And although Fagin eggs Bill Sikes on to murdering Nancy, his behavior is less inhuman than Mr. Murdstone's legal, safe, and self-righteous murder of his own tender-hearted wife by the protracted cruelty of his famous " firmness " day after day. It might be a mild exaggeration to say that in comparison with Dickens's conventionally respectable members of society his criminals look like social benefactors. But it is the very truth to say that Dickens has more sympathy for genuine humanity with all its faults than for a frozen and complacent inhumanity however socially accepted.

It is this sympathy, of course, this sense of human brotherhood, that so wonderfully irradiates Dickens's humour. What human being, provided only that his heart is in the right place, is so dull or silly that Dickens, even while inviting our inextinguishable laughter, will not also invite us to take him into our hearts? When Mr. Pickwick in insanely drunken glee dashes his spectacles on the floor and then laughs as if he had done something very witty indeed, we laugh, to be sure, but we still love that great man, as Dickens did; but I hate to imagine what some of the statistical social planners and temperance reformers would advocate doing with him. I doubt that Vincent Crummles was a great actor and I suspect there is some reason to doubt that Mr. Toots was a great brain, but there can be no question that Dickens loves them and shows us that there is reason to love them. It is impossible to dislike even Mr. Mantalini, lazy and unscrupulous blatherskite that he is, once he has called Mme Mantalini " my essential juice of pineapple ", " who coils her fascinations round me like a pure and angelic rattlesnake." Although, if we were Little Dorrit's Clennam, we might be terrified of Flora Finching, as readers who among us does not become fond of poor Flora through all the convolutions of her syntaxless and punctuationless woolly-minded gabbling? And, finally, who does not love that selfless and noble man Captain Cuttle, even while he scrambles quotations like a prose parody of a poem by Mr. T. S. Eliot?

The almost all-embracing love in Dickens's heart is the very source of his indignation and his satire. It is the cold-hearted repudiation of love and sympathy and understanding that he cannot abide, the denial of our common humanity; and it is when he finds this callousness or cruelty either in individuals or in society, that, laughing with the terrible laughter of a giant angel, he advances into battle. Then it is that we find him turning upon Dodson and Fogg or Mr. Vholes and the Court of Chancery with whips of stinging hilarity, lashing Sir John Chester with furious satire, pursuing that marvellously unctuous figure of hypocrisy Mr. Pecksniff into ever more fantastic depths of oily self-abasement. Let Mr. Dombey ignore the love that is brimming over in his daughter's timid heart and imagine that his wealth can buy loyalty and devotion, and Dickens will harry him to ruin. Let the Circumlocution Office try to confine human nature within a prison made of its paper forms and fetters of red tape, and Dickens will dance as wild a war-dance of witty triumph around it as if he were a whole troop of Mrs. Pardiggle's Tockahoopo Indians. Let Mr. Podsnap deny that suffering exists in modern society, and Dickens will enmesh him in a Nessus shirt of shining ridicule. Let Mr. Gradgrind believe that the heart can be mechanised into a mere cog within the mills of his utilitarian dogmas, and Dickens will strike at him through his love of his children—through that very heart whose power he has ignored and denied.

In every atom of his being Dickens was a crusader for life liberated, life freed from dirt, ignorance, poverty, fear, selfishness, cruelty, and oppression. Although he was no systematic thinker, his heart seized the sword of a sharp and witty logic that slashed contemptuously through all the humbugs and abuses of society, and his indignation sinewed his arm for the lifelong war that he waged against error and evil. On the tombs of knights in the old days were sometimes deposited their armour, and their shields hung from the wall, inscribed with their battle-cry and the names of the fields on which they had fought. If upon the wall of the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, above the simple stone slab that marks the spot where Dickens lies buried, such an escutcheon should be hung, it could well be marked—could it not?—with names that should sound as august as Agincourt and Trafalgar and El Alamein: the forays against the Marshalsea and the King's Bench, the battle of the Workhouse and the Orphanage, the long campaigns of the Ragged Schools and the Mechanics' Institutes, the sieges of the Circumlocution Office and the Court of Chancery, the great conquests of Sanitary Reform and Factory Reform, the Political Reform offensive with its thundering bombardment.

These have indeed been even more than the Battle of Britain; they have been tremendous parts of the still continuing battle of the modern world, in which Dickens was one of the greatest of our warriors. And from the beginning to the end, as he well knew, that battle was a battle for the brotherhood of man. If he had a good deal of scepticism about Boodle and Doodle, and a positive hatred of Merdle and Bounderby, he trusted humanity itself. "My faith in the people governing," he said in 1869, "is, on the whole, infinitesimal; my faith in the People governed is, on the

whole, illimitable." And, lest his meaning be mistaken he reiterated it five months before he died, telling the Birmingham and Midland Institute that he had " very little faith in the people who govern us," but " great confidence in the People whom they govern." In one of Ruskin's most pregnant insights he declared, " There is no wealth but life "; and a generation earlier still the dying Goethe had asked for " More Light ". Dickens knew the importance of both. For all mankind, it was more light and life that he demanded.

With all these riches, we must return to the memory that Dickens is one of the supreme artists of the world. Among the great humorists, as the philosopher George Santayana has noted, even such figures as Rabelais and Fielding must yield to him: " We must go back for anything like it to the very greatest comic poets, to Shakespeare or to Aristophanes." Among novelists, again, whom else can we mention who in richness, fecundity, vitality, the fullness and variety in the portrayal of life, deserves to be ranked upon the heights with Shakespeare ? " He is, by the pure force of genius," Bernard Shaw summarises it, " one of the greatest writers of the world . . . There is no ' greatest book ' of Dickens; all his books form one great life-work: a Bible in fact . . . all are magnificent." Genius, poet, humorist, novelist, benefactor of humanity, courageous fighter, great man, and noble heart, he well merits the tribute that all the world should be bringing to him to-night. He would not wish us to be toasting him so solemnly that there was not room also for joy within our hearts, but it is with love, awe, and reverence that I ask you to join with me in drinking to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens.

Professor Johnson was supported by Sir Ernest Gowers in another speech. The Toast of the Chairman was proposed by Mr. Philip Charles Dickens, to which the President, Dr. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, replied. Selections from Dickens were given by Percy Merriman and songs by Trevor Anthony.

CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION OF *MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS*

In Saturday Night Theatre, on December 22nd last, the B.B.C. presented a radio version of *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, adapted by Mollie Greenhalgh and produced by Charles Lefeaux. It included both *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings* and *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*.

The adaptation was excellent and the very competent hand of Mr. Lefeaux was easily recognisable.

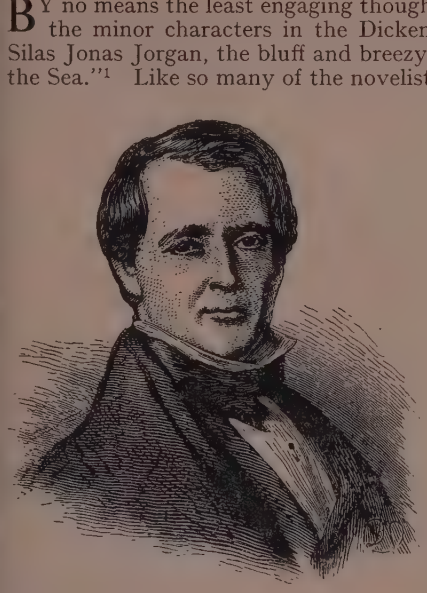
Mrs. Lirriper, played by Marjorie Westbury, came over perfectly, even with the long unavoidable passages of narrative, and George Relph's Major Jackman was exactly right. Time, unfortunately, excluded all but a glimpse of Miss Wozenham, but the part of Jemmy was most competently played and produced.

We could certainly do with a few more productions of Dickens of this calibre by the same team and in the same spirit. It certainly points to the fact that Dickens is best left to the imagination and that the best medium of the adaptations of his works is Sound Radio. J.G.

CAPTAIN MORGAN—*ALIAS* JORGAN

By William J. Carlton

BY no means the least engaging though one of the least known of the minor characters in the Dickensian repertory is Captain Silas Jonas Jorgan, the bluff and breezy hero of "A Message from the Sea."[1] Like so many of the novelist's creations he was drawn from the life, and his counterpart was living in New York when Dickens introduced him, in the thinnest of disguises, to the readers of his delightful Christmas story. "He was an American born, was Captain Jorgan—a New Englander—but he was a citizen of the world, and a combination of most of the best qualities of most of its best countries. He had seen many things and places, and had stowed them all away in a shrewd intellect and a vigorous memory. All that the captain did was honestly according to his nature, and his nature was open nature and good nature." In those few crisp sentences Dickens described a man whose acquaintance he had made many years before, adding that "for Captain Jorgan to sit anywhere in his long-skirted blue coat and blue trousers, without holding converse with everybody within speaking distance, was a sheer impossibility."



CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN
From *Scribner's Monthly*, Oct., 1877.
By courtesy: British Museum

Captain Elisha Ely Morgan, of the American merchant service, hailed from Connecticut. Dickens had met him, perhaps on the occasion of his first visit to America in 1842, through the introduction of a mutual friend, Charles R. Leslie, R.A. The captain, Dickens's senior by some seven years, gained his earliest nautical experience in a little packet ship of 420 tons belonging to the "Black X" line with which he afterwards became identified. For years in the early part of the last century this line carried mails and merchandise and monopolised the cream of the passenger traffic between New York and London. In 1829 Morgan was first

[1] *All the Year Round*, Christmas No., 1860.

mate of the *Hudson*, of which he became captain three years later, and in 1833 he was in command of the *Philadelphia*. Leslie sailed with his family from London in the *Philadelphia* on September 21st, 1833, and a cordial friendship sprang up between them and the captain during the voyage of five weeks, which the artist always looked back upon with the keenest pleasure. He declared that it was worth going to America if only to make Captain Morgan's acquaintance. " I have known very few men so constantly agreeable," he wrote, " for his intelligence and sense are equal to his cheerfulness, and that is unceasing. He may not be always so happy as he appears, for no man can be, but he seems to consider it a duty to be always cheerful." It is tempting to speculate, in the light of this remark, on the extent to which Captain Morgan may have inspired the creation of Mark Tapley, who was Martin Chuzzlewit's companion on the packet ship *Screw* as well as in his journeyings on both sides of the Atlantic. On their return voyage to England in the spring of 1834 the Leslies occupied the same berths on the same ship under the same captain, and the artist records that when his wife found herself on board the *Philadelphia* she cried: " Now I feel at home again ! "[1]

Those were the palmy days of ships and sailors, before the era of steam, when the regular packets left New York once a month and the packet captains were the flower of the American merchant marine. Their job called for first-rate seamanship on that stormy route, enough force of character to keep the crews well in hand, and exceptional social qualities, since the captain had to play host for weeks on end to the cabin passengers. For those who stood the test the rewards were generous. Although the captain's salary was only nominal he could count on " primage ", or five per cent. of the ship's freight earnings, a larger proportion of the income from passengers and all the receipts from the mails. He had the opportunity to associate with the nobility, diplomats, admirals, generals, merchant princes and literary lions who crossed in his ship.

Captain Morgan's services were transferred to the *Hendrik Hudson* in 1841, to the *Victoria* in 1843, to the *Devonshire* in 1848, and to the *Southampton* in 1850. Dickens had met Leslie's sisters (one of whom was a prolific miscellaneous writer) during his short stay at Philadelphia in March 1842, and his acquaintance with the captain probably dates from that time. A warm friendship quickly developed between the two men, cemented by an exchange of letters over a period of several years, and it was renewed on some of Morgan's frequent visits to London. While his ship was in dock he would issue cards for a breakfast on board, the list of guests running from royalty through the world of art and letters to a choice circle of personal friends.

Even more convivial parties of Captain Morgan's intimate friends would accompany him when his ship sailed from London, down the Thames to Gravesend or sometimes down the channel as far as Portsmouth, where they would land and return to London. Both Dickens and Thackeray were present on at least one such occasion of which Thackeray's eldest daughter, Lady Ritchie, set down her recollection half a century later. " My impression is",

[1] C. R. Leslie, *Autobiographical Recollections*, 1860, I, 125, 128, 184.

she wrote, " that a great expedition to a ship in some far distant dock had been organised, to which expedition we children were admitted at my father's request. Captain Morgan must have been on board his ship, and Mr. Dickens seemed to take command of the party which started from the Leslies' house. He was talking, arranging everything, in spirits gaily delightful. All comes back to my mind as I think of it, and I remember . . . that we travelled back in a railway carriage in Mr. Dickens's company late at night, dead tired, enchanted, sleepy, yet somehow carried along by his kindly brilliance."[1]

This must have been the expedition, in the spring of 1851, of which Leslie's daughter gave a racy and much fuller account in a letter to the captain. " Dear Captain", she wrote, " shall we ever forget that sunset with your sublime ship before it, both fading from our eyes at once, as you set sail in a manner worthy of so great a man ? Our ceaseless wish is that you may come again like the sun to brighten our horizon; we should, as W. said, ' know you by your cross-jack yards the moment we saw the top of your mainmast.' But I must tell you how we spent the rest of the evening after we parted from you. At the dock we all got into one fly (Gravesend flies are small), nine of us and the driver (we did it by the rule of three and one over), and drove to the hotel. By the time we had accomplished a grand white-bait tea we found it was half-past nine; we could not be in time for that train, we must stay till half-past ten, of course; so we all took a promenade on the terrace fronting the river, which by this time had assumed a most poetical appearance . . . I wish it were possible for my weak mind, and weaker pen, to give you a faint idea of the fun we had, the poetry that was composed, blank verse recited, etc., but it can't be done . . . At last we went back to the railway and luckily caught the last train. We all got into one large saloon carriage, which just held us and one stranger, who must have thought himself bewitched . . . Dickens was in the best humour in the world; he stuck all the tickets round his hat, to the astonishment of the guard. We all came home in one omnibus, and Dickens dropped one tear into it as he left us. It was past one o'clock when we blessed the sight of our wondering friends, and I am sure I never enjoyed a day's excursion so much in my life. Of course you have seen what Mr. Thackeray wrote in the next ' Punch ', with E. E. Morgan's name in letters a yard high. We have seen him two or three times since, and he always speaks of you and says he is going to write to you about his lectures . . . We are going to have the best party on record, but it won't be complete without you, so let me know what day will suit you, and I will send out invitations accordingly, but you must not be long crossing the stream—never mind damaging a little canvas. We will have Dickens, Thackeray, and a blaze of genius, and not a single person or party of high principles admitted . . ."[2]

Not long after this, however, Captain Morgan made his last voyage as a commander, giving up the sea to share with John Griswold and Alexander Wiley in the management of the Black X

[1] Lady Ritchie, *From the Porch*, 1913, pp. 35-36.
[2] " A Yankee Tar and his Friends," by Mrs. M. F. Armstrong, in *Scribner's Monthly*, N.Y., XIV, 764-765, Oct. 1877.

line in New York, of which he became marine superintendent and eventually the sole operator.[1] In its later days the line was intimately associated with his name, his personal fortune being estimated at $200,000 in 1855. The captain's wide circle of acquaintances included, in addition to Leslie, Dickens and Thackeray, such celebrities as Landseer, Turner and Sydney Smith, with all of whom he carried on a correspondence. " This benevolent seaman", wrote Lady Ritchie, " used to come and go across the Atlantic bestowing friendship, barrels of red apples and American rocking-chairs upon his sympathetic English companions, all of whom he delighted to make happy; we certainly came in for our share."[2]

For some years Morgan was an honorary member of the London Sketching Club, an honour enhanced by the fact that he was the only such member during the forty years of the club's existence. It was composed of eight artists, among them being Leslie, Stanfield and the two Chalons, who held weekly meetings in the members' houses successively from November to May, with an occasional guest in the person of Landseer, Turner or Constable. The captain was one of the privileged few admitted to Turner's studio in Queen Anne Street, and while he was there the painter paid no attention to anyone else, following him about the gallery in order to hear every word. The American had sufficient artistic perception to recognize the real feeling for the sea in Turner's work.[3] Turner was sometimes the captain's guest on shipboard and Morgan declared that he knew more about ships than most sailors.

Many are the stories told of Captain Morgan's shrewd commonsense and ready wit. When Queen Victoria visited the packet named after her, a member of her entourage asked Captain Morgan why the vessel was not called the *Victoria* until six years after her accession. There had been none worthy of bearing her name until then, was his quick retort.[4] " In such a ship as this," Leslie said to him on one of his voyages, " and with such a captain as you, there seems to me to be no risk but from fire." " It is at sea only that I never fear fire," replied the sailor. "As soon as I land and find myself in a hotel, I cannot sleep for a night or two, for fear of being burned. We are very strict about lights in the ship, and, though the rules may be broken, there are always people awake in every part of the vessel. If some of the steerage passengers will smoke, contrary to orders, there are timid ones who lie awake to watch them. No; you are safer at sea than anywhere else."

In their walks together, Leslie relates, Morgan often noticed that no sheepdog they ever met had a tail. " I told him they were born without tails, and that Bewick was my authority. Still he would not believe it; and, meeting a shepherd, and having laid a wager on the result, Morgan put the question thus: 'At what age do you cut those dogs' tails ? ' 'About eight or nine months ' was the answer. The artist admitted his mistake. ' But,' said Morgan, ' no, you give up too soon; much depends on how a question is

[1] Robert G. Albion, *Square-Riggers on Schedule*, Princeton, N.J., 1938, p. 339.
[2] Lady Ritchie, *op. cit.*, p. 35.
[3] Robert C. Leslie's letters in Ruski[illegible] *Vilecta*, 1886.
[4] R. G. Albion, *op. cit.*, p. 156.

put. That man possibly knows nothing of the matter, but he would not appear ignorant. His answer does not prove that you are wrong. If I had asked him whether the dogs were born without tails perhaps he would have said yes '."[1]

The captain prided himself on his skill at draughts (checkers), and played many games with his passengers to relieve the tedium of the voyage. Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon and one-time king of Spain, who had a home in New Jersey, crossed the Atlantic three times with Captain Morgan in the *Philadelphia*, reserving the whole of the passenger accommodation for himself and his suite. So highly did he esteem the captain that he would undertake the voyage with no other commander. On one occasion, when beaten three times in succession at backgammon, the ex-king shut the board in a fit of temper and told his opponent to take it out of his sight, for he would never play on it again, and he left the board in Morgan's possession. He also presented him with a chessboard used by Napoleon at St. Helena, a silver tea and coffee service, and some gold knives, forks and spoons given by Napoleon to his mother.[2] Morgan is said to have borne a certain resemblance to the emperor.

It was on March 19th, 1855, during the darkest days of the Crimean War, that Dickens wrote to his friend: " I am always delighted to hear from you. Your genial earnestness does me good to think of. And every day of my life I feel more and more that to be thoroughly in earnest is everything, and to be anything short of it is nothing. You see what we have been doing to our valiant soldiers. You see what miserable humbugs we are. And because we have got involved in meshes of aristocratic red tape to our unspeakable confusion, loss and sorrow, the gentlemen who have been so kind as to ruin us are going to give us a day of humiliation and fasting the day after tomorrow. I am sick and sour to think of such things at this age of the world . . . I am in the first stage of a new book, which consists in going round and round the idea, as you see a bird in his cage go about and about his sugar before he touches it."[3]

Three years later we find him writing: " I really cannot tell you how highly and heartily I esteem your friendship. What if I were to come to America and try to tell you myself ? More unlikely things have happened since the world began. I have been making an extraordinary sensation in divers places by reading my Christmas books to immense audiences, and sometimes I have thought, dreaming with my eyes open, ' Lord ! I should not wonder if they would be very glad to hear me in America, after all ! ' I saw Leslie not long ago looking very well, but, on the whole, exceedingly like Don Quixote, with a grizzled beard. All your other artist friends are flourishing. I dined with a dozen of them last Tuesday, and they all smelt horribly of oil and varnish . . ."[4]

A few years after this another letter reflected a change of mood. " Read in America ? Humph ! Well—if you had fifty thousand children there I would come directly; but you haven't, you see.

[1] C. R. Leslie, *op. cit.*, I, 185.
[2] R. G. Albion, *op. cit.*, pp. 242, 245; *Scribner's Monthly*, XIV, 762-763.
[3] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), II, 712.
[4] *Scribner's Monthly*, XIV, 772.

And my mind strongly misgives me that I should see many faces turned towards me less beaming and kindly than yours. So I won't come just at present. I told Fields, of Boston, who also wrote to urge me, that I am going to have a preliminary reading in the largest exhausted crater in the moon."[1]

In addition to apples and rocking-chairs, a consignment of fragrant cigars destined for Dickens or Turner found its way across the Atlantic every now and then, and in acknowledging one such gift Dickens wrote from Gad's Hill Place:

" My Dear Morgan,

"Another box of cigars just received at this little old-fashioned country house of mine, perched on the very hill-top where Falstaff ran away! You don't know, my dear fellow, how often you are with me. Two or three times every week as I light my cigar after dinner and sit down in my study, or go our walking (according to the season) to muse, I say, ' I wonder whether Morgan will ever bring one of those big ships back, and beam upon me with the light of his bright face and hear *me* tell *him* the story of the wet lovers and the dry one! ' (You must know that I have appropriated that story and acquired immense reputation by it.) God bless you and yours! I heartily tell you that every short letter from you comes to me like a wholesome breeze from the other side of the Atlantic, giving me assurance that fine natures and sound hearts will never die out of any land so long as the rainbow shines . . .

" I will inaugurate the first chapter of the next book (whenever it comes into life; it is in the land of shadows now, unknown to me, but waiting to be born) by fumigating it with a cigar reserved from this very box.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS."[2]

The story which Dickens appropriated was one told by Leslie in his autobiography and retold with slight variations by Morgan's daughter, Mrs. Armstrong:

On one of Captain Morgan's voyages from America to England he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one; but what could she do with five? In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a few moment's thought, said: " It's a fine, calm day; suppose, by accident, you should fall overboard; I'll have a boat lowered ready to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump in after you." This novel proposition met the young lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four young men took the plunge and, being picked up by the boat, presented themselves a dripping quartet upon the ship's deck. The object of their undampened ardour, no less wet than themselves, fled to her stateroom and sent for her adviser. " Now, Captain," she cried in despair, " what *am* I to do? " "Ah, my

[1] *Scribner's Monthly*, XIV, 772.
[2] *Ibid.*, XIV, 770.

dear," replied the captain, " if you want a sensible husband, *take the dry one.*" Which she did.

Towards the end of 1860 Dickens wrote from the office of *All the Year Round*:

" Dear Friend,

" I am heartily obliged to you for your seasonable and welcome remembrance. It came to the office (while I was there) in the pleasantest manner, brought by two seafaring men as if they had swum across with it. I have already told—what I am very well assured of concerning you, but you are such a noble fellow that I must not pursue that subject. But you will at least take my cordial and affectionate thanks . . .

" We have a touch of most beautiful weather here now, and this country is most beautiful too. I wish I could carry you off to a favorite spot of mine between this and Maidstone, where I often smoke your cigars and think of you. We often take our lunch on a hill-side there in the summer, and then I lie down on the grass—a splendid example of laziness, and say, ' Now for my Morgan ! '

" My daughter and her aunt declare that they know the true scent of the true article (which I don't in the least believe), and sometimes they exclaim, ' That's not a Morgan,' and the worst of it is they were once right by accident . . . I hope you will have seen the Christmas number of 'All the Year Round.' Here and there, in the description of the sea-going hero, I have given a touch or two of remembrance of Somebody you know; very heartily desiring that thousands of people may have some faint reflection of the pleasure I have for many years derived from the contemplation of a most amiable nature and most remarkable man.

" With kindest regards, believe me, dear Morgan,
Ever affectionately yours,
Charles Dickens."[1]

Captain Morgan's son, W. D. Morgan, who spent some years in England, was a frequent visitor at Gad's Hill. On July 1st, 1861, when the civil war was raging in America, Dickens wrote to Forster: " You will perhaps be surprised to hear that it is Morgan's conviction (his son was here yesterday) that the North will put down the South, and that speedily. In his management of his large business he is proceeding steadily on that conviction. He says that the South has no money and no credit, and that it is impossible for it to make a successful stand. He may be all wrong, but he is certainly a very shrewd man, and he has never been, as to the United States, an euthusiast of any class."[2] It seems likely that young Morgan was the bearer of a letter from his father, to which Dickens replied: "And you think the South will come back within the winter and spring? May I whisper at this distance from Fort Lafayette that *I* don't. I wish to God, in the interests of the whole human race, that the war were ended. But I don't see that end to it, no, nor anything like that end—with my best spectacles."[3]

[1] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), III, 198.
[2] *Ibid.*, III, 227.
[3] *Scribner's Monthly*, XIV, 774.

Just before he sailed for England on April 22nd. 1868, at the end of his last visit to the United States, the novelist dined in New York with young Morgan. His private tug was placed at the disposal of Dickens and his friends to convey them on board the *Russia*, on which Morgan was a fellow passenger.[1]

Captain Morgan himself did not live to see the end of the war of which he had foreseen the inevitable outcome. When Charles Dickens revisited America at the close of 1867 the great-hearted master mariner had been three years in his grave; but although he was no longer there to greet his English friend a place among the immortals had been ensured for him by the creator of Captain Jorgan.

[1] G. Dolby, *Charles Dickens as I knew Him*, 1885, pp. 322-323

DICKENS *versus* GISSING

In re VARDEN

MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH'S SUMMING-UP

By FRANCIS AUBERON

HIS Lordship said: This is a friendly action, brought by one well-known author, Charles Dickens, against another, George Gissing, for the purpose of clarifying certain words affecting the reputation of a character in a book written by the plaintiff. The character, Mrs. Varden, is considered to be misrepresented—even seriously misrepresented—in another book, written by the defendant and entitled " Charles Dickens, a Critical Study ". The words complained of are these:

> " Mrs. Varden repents, Mrs. Varden is stricken with remorse, Mrs. Varden becomes a model wife. Let the Jew believe it. Not even on her deathbed did it happen, but simply because she had a fright in the Gordon riots. Yes; for one week, or perchance for two, she might have affected (even felt) penitence; after that, Heaven pity poor Gabriel for having taken her at her word! Such women at her age are incapable of change; they will but grow worse, till the pangs of death shake them. Mrs. Varden would have lingered to her ninetieth year, moping and mowing her ill-humour when language failed, and grinning illogically with toothless gums. She is converted to make things pleasant for us. We thank the author's goodness and say, 'tis but a story."

As you will have gathered from the remarks of his learned counsel, the defendant pleads justification, and on this plea the plaintiff joins issue.

The defendant's chief witnesses were the eminent medical practitioner and equally eminent psychologist whose evidence you have heard. The plaintiff for his part called two brother-authors, Mr. Herbert George Wells and Mr. Henry Fielding.

All the witnesses gave evidence on oath, and on this point, ladies

and gentlemen of the jury, I may perhaps usefully remind you of the nature of evidence, as the term or the phrase is understood in a court of law. The general principle, " What the soldier said is not evidence " is, I am happy to say, now almost universally accepted, but with this qualification that often the only evidence an intelligent jury can believe is, in fact, what the soldier said, provided he is a truthful soldier. What he may be quoted as saying upon any relevant subject may be as pertinent to the cause at issue as, for instance, Coke's commentaries upon Littleton were before they became largely obsolescent. You must dismiss from your minds, therefore, any idea that the evidence upon which you will determine your verdict is the evidence which is sworn. When, as in the present case, the respective sides swear to diametrically opposed positions, the material evidence for you cannot be and is not the sworn evidence, but, on the contrary, the evidence which, *ipso jure*, you think worthy of credence. And it is fortunate that this is so, for in most legal process this second type of evidence, unlike the other, is not usually characterized by prolixity.

It is the plaintiff's case that the defendant's phrase " Such women at her age are incapable of change " is a complete *non sequitur*, because in the essential point, her married state, Mrs. Varden does not change. This, in its limited sense, you must regard as proved. She is married when she is first heard of and she is still married at the end of the tale. But, the defence says, how do you account for the almost complete change in her character, from a plaguy nuisance to a model wife ? Easily, says learned counsel for the plaintiff: Mrs. Varden is, on the defendant's own showing, a remarkable character. In what way is her remarkable change to be regarded as improbable ? She is married and remarkable at the start and she is married and remarkable at the close. In short, she has not changed.

Alternatively—plaintiff's counsel argues—it was always predicted that adverse circumstances might well " be the making of her, and could hardly fail to render her one of the most agreeable companions in existence "—an opinion recorded by the plaintiff himself at an early stage of his history.[1]

But adverse circumstances were not the only factor. You may have thought, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that the very eminent medical witnesses called by the defendant failed, in their considered but rather technical assessment of Mrs. Varden's temperament, to take sufficiently into account the character of her husband. I am obliged to say this because, rather strangely, they did not mention it at all. Mr. Gabriel Varden was, to put it bluntly, a hero. He reveals himself as a hero in the course of events, and this fact, as well as that adduced by the defence, namely " a fright in the Gordon riots ", must, the plaintiff says, have had an influence upon Mrs. Varden. An old Gloucestershire saying—happily obsolete, I am glad to say, in our regenerate times—has it that

> A woman, a dog and a walnut tree,
> The more you beat 'em the better they be,

[1] *Barnaby Rudge*, ch. vii.—Ed.

and it may be thought that Mrs. Varden took a quite considerable moral beating, not merely from the course of events but from the example of her heroic husband.

The general character of the criticism complained of is, moreover, underlined, according to learned counsel for the plaintiff, by the fact that the defendant assumes as a matter of course that Miss Dolly Varden will inevitably become like her mother when she is a matron. It is a fact which, so far as I am aware, has never been disputed in a court of law that every child must have two parents. In the case of Miss Varden, one of the parents was Gabriel Varden, and this, in the absence of rebutting evidence, you may accept as proved. You may well ask yourselves, as learned counsel has invited you to do, whether the daughter of a hero is likely to make an indifferent matron.

Evidence as to character—the defendant's character—was called by the plaintiff. You have heard Mr. Herbert George Wells testify that he was the defendant's friend, but in spite of that he has little to say that is favourable of the various marriages of the defendant, of which Mr. Wells had first-hand knowledge. No attempt was made by the defence to show that Mrs. Varden was by temperament, position or fortune an unequal partner for her husband; and on this point I must remind you of the evidence given by the plaintiff's other witness, Mr. Henry Fielding. Captain Booth and his wife, Amelia, were, Mr. Fielding states, eminently suited to each other in every way, with the result, described in his history, *Amelia*, that in a world of enemies and false friends her friendship for and loyalty to her husband remained unshaken. She deceived him once, it is true, by allowing a friend to impersonate her in most ingenious circumstances at a masquerade she did not wish to attend, but she was in fact his only friend (with the trifling exceptions of a very exceptional and loyal manservant and of a clergyman who, by way of variant, proved himself a false enemy) from beginning to end of a long experience of friends and acquaintances who, one after the other, revealed their falsity. This evidence, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I am sure you must consider very striking. Captain Booth was a soldier, and I do not think any of my learned brethren would have objected to hear what he might have said of Mr. Fielding's own two happy marriages—the second of which was solemnized after a heart-breaking bereavement and in spite of a grave disparity of social status in his second wife.

The questions I leave to you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, are two in number (or, now I come to think of it, three), namely: Was Mrs. Varden's repentance genuine? Was Gabriel Varden deluded in taking her at her word? and Was she converted to make things pleasant for us or because it was her truer nature?

You will please to retire and consider your answers to these questions.

Mr. J. D. BILLINGTON

The special thanks of the Fellowship were recently conveyed to Mr. J. D. Billington on the completion of thirty years' work on arranging the rosta of members who staff the Dickens House on Saturday afternoons.

DICKENS BREAKFASTS WITH LONGFELLOW

THE play vignette that follows was the happy inspiration of the late H. W. L. Dana, grandson of the poet. It was enacted only once, upon the 100th Anniversary of the occasion of the breakfast, at Craigie House in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is now published for the first time. Only a few friends of the participants and members of the Massachusetts Historical Society were present. Charles Dickens was played by Frederick C. Packard, Professor of English, Harvard University; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was played by Mr. Dana; Cornelius C. Felton by the late Edward F. Payne, thirty years President of the Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship; Andrew Norton by Livingston Stebbins, President of the Dickens Fellowship; and "Miriam the Profit-less" by Mrs. Harry L. Bagley, Programme Director of the Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. The editor expresses his thanks to the Trustees of the Longfellow House and especially to Mr. Thomas de Valcourt for allowing him the loan of the original manuscript with permission to edit and anotate at his discretion.

N.C.P.

The time is February 4th, 1842, Friday morning, 10-30 a.m. The scene is Longfellow's study upstairs. He is a boarder at Craigie House.[1]

MIRIAM, the maid,[2] enters and sets the table for breakfast. She looks out the study window and sees Professor Felton and Mr. Dickens walking up the path from the gate to the front door. She hastens to the door of Mr. Longfellow's bedroom, knocking on it and calling:

"Professor Longfellow! Professor!"

LONGFELLOW (from within): "Yes, Miriam, what is it?"

MIRIAM: "Your guests are coming. I see that Professor Felton[3] coming up the walk, bringing with him the strangest looking foreigner in a black fur coat. Hurry up, Professor, or you'll be late as usual."

LONGFELLOW (putting on his coat as he emerges from the doorway to the bedroom): "Don't be worried, Miriam, I am all ready this time. (Going over to the window and looking out.) Good! There they are! Good old Felton. And that stranger with him, Miriam, is—Charles Dickens. See his dashing manner and his bright penetrating eye. (Knocks at the door.) Do run down, Miriam, like a good girl, and open the front door for them. You can leave their overcoats in the hall and then bring them upstairs here. Meanwhile, I shall be looking round to see that everything is in order."

[1] A little more than a year later Longfellow married Frances Elizabeth Appleton. Her father bought Craigie House from the Estate of Mrs. Craigie and gave it to the couple as a wedding present Hence the boarder became the owner.

[2] Miriam, nicknamed the "Profit less" by Felton because she often overcharged Longfellow, had, with her husband, been employed by Mrs. Craigie. When that lady died, the Estate kept her on as landlady, housekeeper, maid, etc.

[3] Cornelius Cornway Felton, *b.* November 6th, 1807, a graduate of Harvard College, Class of 1827. Since 1834 he had been Eliot Professor of Greek Literature at his *alma mater*. In 1860 he became President of Harvard College. He remained until his death on February 26th, 1862, one of Dickens's dearest friends.

MIRIAM goes downstairs, leaving Longfellow to make the final arrangements for the breakfast table and to put his papers and books in order. Finally, Miriam returns, knocks on the door, and ushers in Professor Felton and Mr. Dickens.

FELTON: "Ah! Here you are Longfellow. You already know Dickens. I do not need to introduce him to you."

LONGFELLOW (holding out a welcoming hand to Dickens): "Welcome, my dear Dickens! Welcome to Castle Craigie."

DICKENS (shaking Longfellow's hand): "Thank you, Professor Longfellow. But why should you call an American house a castle? It is an Englishman's house that is his castle."

LONGFELLOW: "Yes but you are an Englishman, and while you are here this is your house and therefore your castle. The Mayor of Boston has already given you the key to the city of Boston; and we here in Cambridge, who have no Mayor, are glad to give you the key to Cambridge and the key to Castle Craigie."

C. C. Felton

Dickens House Collection

DICKENS: "Thanks, and thanks again."

LONGFELLOW: "I have invited to meet you here two of the choicest spirits of Cambridge, two of the leading lights of learning at *our* Cambridge University. (He leads Dickens to the study window.) Let me show you from here the towers of Harvard College. (Turning from the window to face Felton.) You already know Cornelius Conway Felton, whom we call 'Connie' not 'Corny'. Our professor of Greek."

DICKENS: "Yes, and the heartiest of Greek professors."

LONGFELLOW: "The heartiest and the merriest. He always seems to me as happy and cheerful as a child with both hands full of flowers. (Glancing out the window.) And now I see the other professor, whom I have invited, walking up the path. Andrews Norton[1] of our Divinity School where he is, I can assure you the centre of gravity."

[1] Andrews Norton, *b.* December 31st, 1786, Hingham, Massachusetts, graduate of Harvard College Class of 1804, Dexter Professor of Biblical Criticism at Harvard 1819-1830. Author *A Statement of the Reasons for not Believing the Doctrine of Trinitarians Concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ* (1833); *Historical Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels*, 3 vols. (1837-1844): *d.* September 18th, 1853.

FELTON: "Gravity is the right word. You know, they call him the Pope of the Unitarians."

LONGFELLOW: "You may know that Professor Norton has already published two volumes of his study of the Evidences of Christianity."

DICKENS (looking out of the window at Norton who has just turned in at Longfellow's gate): "Good. I did not know there were so many evidences of Christianity in America."

LONGFELLOW (smiling mischievously): "No. Then you should see his beautiful daughters."

DICKENS (his eyes sparkling): "I should like that."

LONGFELLOW: "My friend, Sam Ward,[1] says it is they who are Professor Norton's evidences of Christianity." (Longfellow opens the study door and welcomes Norton who has just negotiated the stairs.) "Professor Norton, let me introduce you to Mr. Dickens."

NORTON (stiffly): "It is a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Dickens."

DICKENS (genially): "The pleasure is mine, sir."

Charles Eliot Norton

Dickens House Collection

LONGFELLOW: "I should have added that Mr. Norton in addition to his daughters has also a brilliant young son, Charles Eliot.[2] Only 15 but now entering the College and making such progress that I dare say, one of these days, he may be giving the courses that I am giving now. You see Mr. Dickens, we are doing our best here in the New World to keep up with the Old Wold. Felton (Longfellow moves one hand in gesture toward Felton) covers the Hellenic tradition and Norton (Longfellow moves his other hand toward Norton) the Hebraic tradition."

DICKENS: "Ah! I see you have been reading our Mathew Arnold."[3]

FELTON: "And while Norton and I are doing our best to keep alive

[1] Samuel Ward, *b.* January 25th, 1814, was to enjoy various separate careers as lobbyist, financier and author. He was brother of Julia Ward Howe. *d.* May 19th, 1884.

[2] Charles Eliot Norton, *b.* November 16th, 1827, Professor of Fine Arts, Harvard College. A noted scholar and author of several works on theology, history, art, etc. *d.* October 21st, 1908.

[3] Here Mr. Dana has taken poet's license. Mathew Arnold was still at Oxford in 1842. It was more than quarter of a century later in *Culture and Arnachy* (1865) that he put forth the ideas of which, Dana, has made Longfellow speak.

the dead languages of antiquity, and one each is all we can handle, Professor Longfellow manages to cover four modern languages: French, Spanish, Italian and German . . . including the Scandinavian."

DICKENS: "And I thought I had left Europe behind me, on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and now I find you have all Europe over here."

LONGFELLOW: " Yes, but we have some American traditions, too. This very house is one of them—a revolutionary house, as we call it, connected with the American Revolution. But before I speak of that, there is another American tradition that I must introduce you to and that is the tradition of eating."

DICKENS: " Oh, we have that tradition in England, too—eating and drinking."

FELTON: "And drinking here in America as well. You certainly must let us drink to your health."

LONGFELLOW (remembering breakfast): " Pray let us sit down. You must be hungry."

DICKENS: " I can always eat, but before we sit down may I glance for a moment at these?" (As he speaks, Dickens walks over to one of the bookcases.)

LONGFELLOW (opening the bookcase doors): " Certainly."

DICKENS (picking out some of his own books and then putting them back): " I see you have some of the best authors."

NORTON and FELTON (going to the bookcase to see what the books were): " DICKENS ! "

DICKENS (looking at a picture on the wall, " To Longfellow "): "Ah ! I see you have the portrait which Count D'Orsay did of me last year."

LONGFELLOW: " Yes, it was excellent. And here is another one of you which they tell me looks like me."

DICKENS (comparing the picture of himself with the one of Longfellow): " There certainly is a resemblance—if in nothing else at least in our stocks."

LONGFELLOW (turning to yet another picture): "And here is an imaginary portrait by a young artist of the way he thinks you will look twenty-five years from now."

DICKENS: " What, me with a beard ? Never ! "

FELTON (pointing to a fourth picture): " Yes, and the same artist has imagined how Longfellow will look twenty-five years from now."

LONGFELLOW: " With a beard ? Impossible ! It looks like St. Nicholas. But pray be seated. My dear Dickens may I have you at my right ? Professor Norton, will you sit here at my left opposite Mr. Dickens ? Con, won't you sit on the other side of Mr. Dickens ? Since you have taken such a great fancy to him we will share him between us. While we are waiting for Miriam to bring in the coffee, let me read you a note that I have just received from my friend, Sam Ward, in New York. I had hoped Sam might come on for our little breakfast here this morning but he writes that he could not get away. He adds, however, that they are preparing a tremendous reception for you when you go there next week. He is only

afraid that you may be so much wined and dined elsewhere that you won't be able to go and have dinner with him and his sister Julia.[1] (Young Doctor Howe seems so devoted to her that I fancy before long we shall all know her as Julia Ward Howe.) Apparently New York is already jealous of the reception you are getting here in Boston, which they now call *BoZ-TowN*. Sam has enclosed this clipping from a New York newspaper : (He reads)

ADDRESS TO BOZ

They'll tope thee, Boz, they'll soap thee, Boz;
Already they begin.
They'll dine thee, Boz, they'll wine thee, Boz:
They'll stuff thee to the chin.

They'll smother thee with victuals, Boz,
With fish and flesh and chickens,
Their authorlings will bore thee, Boz,
And hail thee ' Cousin Dickens '.

They'll play, when they can catch you, Boz,
A game of knife and fork;
They'll eat you, Boz, in Boston ! and
We'll eat you in New York !

MIRIAM enters and pours the coffee, while the four gentlemen engage in light conversation waiting for her to leave . . . She leaves.

DICKENS: " What a character you have in Miriam. I must put her into one of my novels."

LONGFELLOW: " I call her Miriam the Giantess. Mrs. Craigie used to say of her: ' Take her by and *large*, she is a good critter.' You should hear, however, the way she exorts me on my shortcomings and at the same time manages to make a profit by her exorbitant rates."

FELTON: " I have suggested, Mr. Dickens, that instead of calling her Miriam the Giantess, Longfellow should call her ' Miriam the profit-ess '."

DICKENS: "And a profit-ess is not without honour, except in her own house."

The four gentlemen laugh heartily. Suddenly, Longfellow becomes silent.

LONGFELLOW (putting his finger to his lips): " Hush, hush. Here she comes with the omelet."

Enter MIRIAM who commences to serve the gentlemen modest portions of omelet while they talk.

DICKENS: " Mr. Longfellow, you were going to tell me something about the traditions of this house and the American Revolution."

LONGFELLOW: " It is really too bad to keep rubbing that in. Last Sunday, Sumner and I made you walk ten miles, showing you

[1] Julia Ward Howe, *b.* May 27th, 1819. In 1843 she married Samuel Gridly Howe, nearly twenty years her senior. An author and abolitionist she is most famous for her *Battle Hymn of the Republic* which she wrote to the tune of *John Brown's Body* in the early morning hours of a dark day in 1863. The song caught on and became a rallying cry for the Union. *d.* October 17th, 1910.

Paul Revere's House and the half-finished monument on Bunker Hill."

DICKENS: "Yes, but you had to admit that Bunker Hill was a British victory."

LONGFELLOW: "True, but this house was the headquarters of General Washington who drove the British out of Boston on St. Patrick's Day."

DICKENS (becoming irritated): "I see, the day St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland."

LONGFELLOW (trying to smooth things over): "But to-day, Mr. Dickens, it is you who have captured Boston, have taken it by storm, have captivated, have captured it, not by arms, but by arts—by the arts of literature and humour and pathos—and we are all at your feet. You have done more than anyone since those days to re-unite our countries and make us love the British . . . With your permission I should like to read a brief ballad that I have written about the Paul Revere, whose house we showed you. Only I have tried to infuse into it something of the Christmas spirit that you have awakened in all our hearts."

DICKENS, FELTON and NORTON (together): "Do read it."

LONGFELLOW reads:

"THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF SANTA CLAUS

(After Dr. Clement Moore's 'The Night Before Christmas' (1823) and Longfellow's 'The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere' (1860)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of the eight reindeer.
'Twas the night before Christmas, in Seventy-five;
Not a creature then stirring is now alive.
The lanterns were hung in the steeple with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The Yankees were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of Red Coats danced through their heads.
Hancock in his 'kerchief and Adams in his cap
Had just settled their brains for a long winter's nap.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Santa Claus stood on the opposite side,
Ready to speed with gifts on his arm
For every Middlesex village and farm.
He chuckled with glee, as with gentle spanks
He patted each of his reindeer's flanks.
Then he sprang to his sleigh and the bridle he turned,
For the Christmas lights in the windows burned.
A hurry of hoofs in the village streets,
Struck out by those reindeer fearless and fleet.
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark.
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The faith of two nations was riding that night;
And the spark, struck out by the reindeer's feet,
Kindled the whole world into joy with its heat.

'Twas one by the village clock, yes one,
When Santa Claus rode into Lexington.
Hancock and Adams heard such a clatter
They sprang from their beds to see what was the matter.
They paused to listen and look down
On the snow-covered roofs of the little town.
In the darkness around them they seemed to hear
The measured tread of the eight reindeer.
When they saw that strange driver so lively and quick,
They thought for a moment: ' It must be Old Nick ! '
But a wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave them to know they had nothing to dread.
And they heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight :
' Merry Christmas ! The British are . . . really all right ! '

So through the night sped those eight reindeer
With a message of hope for 'A Happy New Year ! '
The bulk of the sleigh was magnified
By the funny fat man who sat inside
With his cherry-like nose and his little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly,
Bringing Christmas presents and not alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,
A carol in the darkness, a wreath on the door,
And sleigh-bells that shall echo forevermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
The people will waken and listen and pause
For that midnight message of Santa Claus."

DICKENS: " Thank you ! Thank you ! "

FELTON: " You see, my dear Dickens, what a change you have brought about in us."

DICKENS: " My dear Felton, if you only knew what a change your oysters and your oyster-cellars and oystering and roistering are making in me."

LONGFELLOW (anxiously): " Not a change for the worse, I hope, Dickens."

DICKENS: " No—on the contrary. But I ought to warn you Felton of the tragic fate of Dando,[1] for you are fast becoming the Great American Dando."

NORTON: "And who, pray, is Dando ? "

DICKENS: " Would you like to hear the story of Dando, the oyster-eater ? "

NORTON, FELTON and LONGFELLOW (together): " Yes, do tell us the story."

DICKENS tells the story of Dando who died eating oysters.[2]

DICKENS: " Without a farthing in his pocket Dando visited oyster-shops. He would stand at the counter devouring the oysters by

[1] According to BREWER'S Dando was the hero of a series of Nineteenth-Century Ballads. He is shown as " a gastronomical Dick Turpin " who eats his fill at restaurants, buys huge quantities of oysters and clams which he consumes on the premises and then—decamps without paying. Dickens does not, of course, mean for all of this to apply in his reference to Felton, who paid his bills.

[2] For the story of Dando see Dickens's letter to Felton, July 31st, 1842, *Nonesuch Letters*, I, 470.

the dozen until the man who opened them was nearly dumb-struck. His limit was about twenty dozen at a time for at about this time he would be recognised by the shop-keeper. His consumption would have doubled if he were not restrained, and despatched post-haste to the House of Correction. During his last confinement, Dando was taken seriously ill; the doctor pronounced that the oyster-eater was dying . . . that only one thing would prolong his life for an hour. Yes—OYSTERS. A supply was brought to the bedside and Dando polished off eight and feebly finished a ninth. Dando looked about him strangely, rubbed his stomach and swallowed hard, then fell back dead. He was buried in the prison yard and oyster shells were laid over his grave. (Waving his finger at the Professor to the accompaniment of laughter.) So beware, my dear Felton, BEWARE!"

LONGFELLOW: "And now let me fill your glasses with sherry to wash down the imaginary oysters and our sorrows at the death of Dando, but, above all, to drink the health of our visitor and our friend (lifting his glass). Gentlemen! our distinguished guest and now our dear friend,

CHARLES DICKENS."

NORTON: "And to Dickens who has brought levity even to the centre of gravity."

NORTON, FELTON and LONGFELLOW drink to Dickens.

FELTON: "And I propose a toast to Dickens who has made even a Greek professor seem hearty."

They drink again to Dickens and cry: "Speech! Speech!"

DICKENS: "Gentlemen! I thank you. When I return to England I shall remember my visit to Cambridge and my meeting with you. You tell me, my dear Longfellow, that you are coming to England this summer. Now listen to me. When you come to London let me be your host. Have no home but mine. Agreed? (Longfellow nods.) And whenever you come, Felton, or you Norton, you will be equally welcome. Gentlemen, I thank you with feelings of gratitude such as are not often awakened and can never be expressed. Your welcome to me seems to have brought about a new era of good feeling between England and America. Since it is your pleasant custom here to finish your speeches with proposing a toast, I would beg to give you: AMERICA AND ENGLAND; AND MAY THEY NEVER HAVE ANY DIVISION BUT THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN THEM."

RECENT DICKENSIANA

"Dickens as Editor," Marion Troughton. *Contemporary Review*, February.
"Charles Dickens and Animals." *The Animals Magazine* (P.D.S.A.), March.
"If Dickens were Alive To-day," Sir Norman Birkett. *The Star*, February 7th.
"Mistress of Charles Dickens," C. G. L. Du Cann. *The Humanist*, January.
"Was Dickens a Wicked Man?" C. G. L. Du Cann. *The Evening News*, February 7th.
"L'Expression dans *Our Mutual Friend*, Manière ou Maniérisme?" Sylvère Monod. Etudes Anglaises, Jan-Mar.
"Sentimentality in Ficton," A. O. J. Cockshut. *Century Magazine*, April.

For recent books see page 112.

STAGE SOLUTIONS TO THE MYSTERY

By Malcolm Morley

Part II

In England the first play founded on Dickens's unfinished novel was *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* given at the Surrey Theatre on Saturday, November 4th, 1871. It was the work of Walter H. Stephens, an actor, who had appeared in a number of adaptations from Dickens. The preliminary announcements gave the name as *The Mystery of Cloisterham Abbey*, a name that was changed before the production date. Still another title, that of *Lost*, was used when the play was published that year. In his preface to the printed text Stephens ventured upon some sort of apology. He stated that had the novelist been alive he would not have made the adaptation without his permission. But, since Dickens was dead, he had taken the liberty of adding dialogue of his own to that of the Master. He admitted piracy though he suggested it was an honest piracy, doing something for Dickens that Dickens could not do for himself.

To be able better to appreciate the adapter's task, a brief recapitulation of the incidents in the book may be excused. Edwin Drood, betrothed by his late father to Rosa Budd, the ward of Mr. Grewgious, returns home from the East. The betrothal is irksome to both of the young people and instead they secretly agree upon a brother and sister pact. Edwin's uncle, John Jasper the choirmaster at Cloisterham, is passionately attached to Rosa and regards his nephew with suppressed jealousy. He is an opium addict and far from being a normal person. From Ceylon arrive Neville Landless and his twin sister, the untamed Helena. It is soon evident that Neville, having fallen in love with Rosa and not knowing the situation, is bitterly resentful of Edwin. Jasper would now seem to be plotting an end of his own. By placing a drug in the wine served to his nephew and Neville he provokes a violent quarrel between the young men. That same evening Edwin disappears. All trace of him is lost and foul play is suspected. It is Jasper who engineers suspicion on Neville as a murderer. His unwelcome attentions to Rosa become more and more demonstrative; she repels him and hastens to London to consult with Mr. Grewgious in whose office is installed the clerk Bazzard, a would-be playwright. Two new characters are introduced into the tale, Tartar, a naval lieutenant, and Datchery, a strange old gentleman with a copious thatch of white hair. Presumably he is a disguised person. If so, who? Dickens gives no hint and the half-told novel breaks off with mystery emmeshing its pages.

The solution supplied by Stephens in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* at the Surrey was hysterically dramatic. Datchery, under his white wig, is Neville Landless. The obsessed Jasper abducts Rosa and, in the crypt of Cloisterham Abbey, forces himself upon her saying if she resists him she will be made to suffer the same fate he had meted out to Edwin in the vault below. These incriminating words are overheard by Datchery-Neville, who has

been trailing him the while. Rosa is rescued and Jasper, to escape the law, takes poison and falls at their feet. Edwin was played by George Warde, Neville by E. F. Edgar, and Rosa by Maria B. Jones, a promising young actress who died at an early age. Henry Neville, fulfilling a star engagement at the theatre, portrayed the frenzied Jasper. There was a straight-forward quality about this actor, a certain bluntness that could not be disguised in his playing of the neurotic choirmaster. He was much better suited as the simple stage hero, Bob Brierly, in *The Ticket of Leave Man* which was given on the same bill. The Dickens's adaptation ran for twenty-two performances and during the run the companion piece was changed to *Henry Dunbar*, taken from a novel of Miss Braddon.

The next Drood dramatisation was seen in the East End at the proud Britannia Theatre on July 22nd, 1872. G. H. MacDermott, a major actor in the Minor Theatres, provided the script. Later, labelled *The Great MacDermott*, he was to be a music hall star and the original singer of an ultra-patriotic song, " We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do ", a song that begat the description of Jingo as a term of political reproach. In *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* at the Britannia he played Datchery, and Datchery proves to be none other than Bazzard. The dramatic-minded clerk had turned amateur detective. With the assistance of the sottish stonemason Durdles (whose comicalities were duly stressed by G. B. Bigwood) he finds suspicion of foul play by Jasper. And Jasper, intensely acted by Joseph Reynolds, hugs to himself the knowledge that in the hope of obtaining Rosa he has killed his own nephew. Bazzard is seeking full proof of his suspicion. In a trance Jasper is overheard to admit his murderous deed, revealing the details of the crime in something like the manner Mathius betrayed himself in the classic melodrama of *The Bells* produced some months previously at the Lyceum with Henry Irving. Awaking from his trance the would-be murderer is to receive a shock. His victim is not dead after all but turns up smiling and serene. It is too much for Jasper. A fatal heart attack is the result: Finis.

No Datchery figured in *Alive or Dead*, a dramatisation by Robert W. Hall, originally given at the St. George's Theatre (the bombed St. George's Hall) on May 25th, 1876, where the company was an amateur one under the direction of William Terriss, the " Breezy Bill " of Adelphi melodrama. Later the piece was given professionally at the short-lived Park Theatre, Camden Town, on May 3rd, 1880. In this version, or perversion, Jasper is again the guilty party, a really villainous villain. Although the body of Edwin has not been found, Jasper is able to bring about the trial of Neville Landless for his murder. The last scene is in Court and the verdict against the accused is Guilty. The Judge duly sentences him to be hanged. Whereupon the Defending Counsel, designated Mr. Playfair, rises to his feet and declares that such a thing cannot be. The Law must take its course returns the Judge. Impossible reiterates Mr. Playfair. And why? Taking off his wig the Defending Counsel reveals the reason. He, himself, is none other than Edwin Drood. Sensation in Court and the collapse of John

Jasper. It was very clever of Edwin to be briefed for the defence. How did he manage it ? The company at the Park included George Byrne as Jasper, W. Howell as Edwin, Stella Brereton as Rosa and Charles Cruickshanks as a drooling, drunken Durdles.

An adaptation of the novel, unseen though much paragraphed, was on the theatrical horizon some ten years after the death of Dickens. Here was a history of hope deferred. In 1880 Joseph L. Hatton, musical conductor and journalist, offered the outline of a play on the subject to Charles Dickens the Younger. Together they elaborated this sketch into a four-act drama which the manager, Walter Gooch, accepted for production, paying them cash on account of future royalties. The play was scheduled as the opening event at the reconstructed Princess's with Charles Warner in the rôle of Jasper. There came delays and postponements. Finally Gooch, influenced by his Stage Director, Harry Jackson, changed his mind about doing the piece and brought the American tragedian Edwin Booth to the theatre instead. The Princess's re-opened with *Hamlet.* In the spring of the following year Gooch was no longer in management and all idea of him staging the drama was abandoned. E. S. Willard next toyed with the thought of doing the piece and of playing Jasper. Like others before him he hesitated; the years passed but Willard never ventured on the Hatton-Dickens version of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* The play has had no existence in the theatre and only survives in a rare and privately printed text.

In view of the fact that the younger Dickens was supplementing the story of his father, it is worth noting that the first three acts of the play are well planned and have the valuable quality of suspense. The fourth and last act is devoted almost exclusively to Jasper and his visions whilst under the influence of opium. These visions are enacted by the characters in the drug dream haunting the wretched man, the dream of his murder of Edwin. When he returns to consciousness it is to find the place invaded by Grewgious and the police, who have discovered his guilt. Opium Sal, as Princess Puffer is called, hearing Jasper's incriminating ravings, has betrayed him. Facing his accusers the murderer swallow the poison he carries conveniently ready for such an emergency. It is a weak ending. There is no intermediate action, no glimpse of the motives of the other people in the drama, no interest in their half recorded doings. The last act is little more than a lengthy confession by Jasper that he did away with his nephew.

Nearly forty years were to elapse before another drama on the subject was in the London theatrical news. Beerbohm Tree (he was not Sir Herbert then) having a fancy for the character of Jasper, produced *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* by J. Comyns Carr at His Majesty's Theatre on January 4th, 1908, after a preliminary try-out at the New, Oxford, the previous November 21st. The play was elaborately staged and, on the whole, well acted by Tree and the regular players at the theatre, among whom were Basil Gill as Edwin, William Haviland as Grewgious and Constance Collier as Helena. The Dean of Cloisterham was played by the still theatrically active Robert Atkins, a very young Bob Atkins at that time. Comyns Carr claimed his version answered every

requirement of the murder part of the story. Certainly it was a departure from the generality of dramatisations. Jasper is no assassin. Under the spell of opium he dreams and dreams. And in a dream, a wishful dream, he kills Edwin. So intermixed are his halucinations with what he thinks is reality that he believes himself to be, in fact and deed, a murderer. When the living

Beerbohm Tree as Jasper, Adrienne Augarde as Rosa, Constance Collier as Helena. His Majesty's Theatre, 1908

Drood appears before him, he is delirious thinking at first the young man to be an apparition. The strain is overmuch for his distressed mind. He dies but not before giving his avuncular blessing to the union of Edwin and Rosa. The play only ran for four weeks at His Majesty's being replaced early the next month with W. J. Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond*.

Hard on the heels of Tree's production were two versions of lesser account, one a melodrama in the provinces and the other a music hall sketch. Both bore the name of the novel and appeared on the same night, March 2nd, 1908. The melodrama by Charles A. Clarke and S. B. Rogerson came out at the Royal

Osborne, Manchester, and was in tune with the touring fare of that time, the fare seen in the blood tubs, as the Number 3 dates were called. A prominent character in this work was the urchin Deputy. He spies continually on Jasper and has something of a catch-phrase, an oft repeated sentiment giving his opinion of that scheming individual: " You're a wrong 'un and I'll find out what you're about." This sentiment delivered to the gallery invariably brought down vociferous approval. Deputy, in his sleuthing, sees Jasper place Edwin's inert body in a tomb and cover it with lime. But Edwin is not dead; there is a secret passage behind the tomb, a fortuitious tunnel for it enables him to be rescued just in time by Neville who has been pottering about the place disguised as the old buffer Datchery. Neville brings Edwin to confront the choir-master at the critical moment when, in his sleep, he is re-enacting the supposed murder. The shock is too much for the guilty man and in the words of Clarke and Rogerson it is announced: " He has gone to answer at the Eternal Judgment Seat of the Mightiest of the Mighty." The company showing the drama belonged to T. Morton Powell, a long-term touring manager. He, as may be presumed, took the acting part of Jasper.

The music hall sketch was presented at the Bedford, Camden Town, by Henry Doughty, another Jasper in the field. Condensed into three short scenes, the quick-fire narration reached a climax when, during the usual drug-laden trance, the choirmaster goes through the actions of his crime. Witnesses are present and when he awakes, realising they know his secret, he stabs himself to death with a dagger left behind by a client of the opium den.

At the Palace Theatre, Westcliff-on-Sea, on February 8th, 1915, was given a new play *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* by Will King for a week. It echoed the story *The Great Mystery Solved* by Gillan Vase (Mrs. Richard Newton) written as a continuation of Dickens and published in 1878. Edwin escapes from Jasper's attempt on his life and Datchery proves to be Bazzard on detective work. Grewgious was played by the adapter, a professional amid a blaze of amateurs.

A new version by Ethel Raithby using the same title was seen at the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, on February 7th, 1922. Here Edwin Drood, after being all but killed by Jasper, is saved from drowning in the River Medway by that son of the sea, Mr. Tartar, whose boat, providentially, was passing by. After which Edwin in the guise of Datchery trails his uncle to the end.

A booklet called *The Spider* issued from Manchester in 1927, contained the text of a film scenario put together by T. Barlass and M. E. Barlass. They claimed their work to be related to the novel—but how distantly related. All resemblance to the original was fogged. Even the names of the characters were changed. Edwin Drood became Edwin Mann, John Jasper became John Michden and so on. There seems to be no record of the film ever having been made.

(To be continued)

THE FRIENDSHIP OF DICKENS AND CARLYLE

By Louis G. Dickins

LONDON PROLOGUE

THOMAS CARLYLE, the tall, neatly lean and dyspeptic tutor of the Charles Buller family, arrived on the London foreshore in a Leith smack early in June, 1824. Carlyle had finally reached the city of his publishers, the place where his work had first been bought and carried into homes, the city that Irving was certain Carlyle could soon conquer.

His bag ashore, he felt for a pipe but found none. To tobacco he had been forced to say good-bye. "It is all tobacco, sir; give up tobacco," the Edinburgh medical logic-chopper had said. His stomach still pained him sourly but he had bought no new pipe. To a girl in a gimp bonnet in Haddington he had also said good-bye. In the face of this bustling fury of a city more crazily astir than its port, there would be welcome memories of her in the company of Irving—and perhaps a letter from her in Irving's front hall.

Carlyle reached 4 Myddleton Square, Islington, shortly after noon. Four houses north of Irving's house began the "New Road" to the western suburbs, later to be called the Marylebone Road, where amid clusters of buildings in the fields a mile or so west, the houses of newly-formed Tavistock Square had lately risen. There an honoured Carlyle was someday to dine, to see private theatricals such as the world had never seen before, and to send two cartloads of books around from the London Library to the owner, a close friend, who was writing a novel on the French Revolution, some of them with donkey's ears drawn by himself beside the purple patches.

As Carlyle took a long look at the dome of far away St. Paul's glimmering in the haze above the fields at the end of the street before turning in to Irving's doorstep, in a poorer house, a mile to his right in Camden Town, northwest from St. Paul's, a family recently removed from the Marshalsea and reunited, the parents of Carlyle's future Tavistock House host, were met before their noon meal.

The future friend of Carlyle, a boy of twelve, however, was not so close by. Carlyle had come closer to him earlier in the day; had docked within three bridges along sooty Thames side from the boy's place of work, an hour before. Surrounded by boys he was friendly towards but secretly very ashamed of, young Charles Dickens had been wrapping pots of Warren's Blacking in jackets of paper neatly tied, clipped and labelled, utterly miserable at his work. Now at noonday released from his torture before a window open to an audience of Chandos Street loungers, he probably walked alone somewhere to the west of St. Paul's hungry for his usual meal of buttered bread and coffee, hungrier still for the strawberries and the pineapples in the Covent Garden stalls. There was hope of release for Charles in these desperate early days

of June, 1824. Before the month was out, his father's pride would rescue him and send him to Wellington House Academy for two long, comparatively blessed and happy years. But Dickens had worked long enough at a miserable occupation and had been penniless enough to influence his entire outlook on life and wealth.

At least one other important thread of Dickens's future was beginning to be spun in this month of June, 1824. Thomas Carlyle, to whom he was to owe eternal debt and life-long devotion had come up to Dickens's London, and while he would find it damnable enough and leave it, he would one day return to it in his prime, there to do his greatest work.

It is not sentimental, I believe, to remember that on one of Carlyle's first days in London, Charles Dickens trudged from Camden Town down Tottenham Court Road, less than a mile from Carlyle's dyspeptic bed, in the cool early morning hours, dressed in a poor white hat, corduroy trousers and little jacket he was never to forget, with a working boy's cold lunch carried rolled up in his hand on his last day of work with scissors, paste, string and blacking labels, forever determined to keep squalor and hunger a long arm and a fist length away from his future life.

There were beginnings in Carlyle, too, of the greatness London was to see in him. The *French Revolution* which was to kindle the mind of Dickens and thousands of others was already slowly growing, deep within him. Since 1819 or 1820 he had read everything about the French Revolution he could get hold of. Arthur Young had led him to the works of the Abbé Raynal, which he had happily found, and had recently recommended to Jane, as "wan coal of burning sulphur"—if she were interested in the writing of "fiery spirited men".

Despite the kindliness of much of the reporting in Carlyle's *Reminiscences* of Irving and the moments of idyllic charm and ease in his earliest London memories, his soul was hit by that part of London lying south from the sunny fields and parks of Islington under a perpetual cloud of smoke, the London closer to St. Paul's, where Dickens's soul had been bleeding lately too.

The *Reminiscences* contain pictures of Irving and Carlyle enjoying outings in the northern suburbs; scenes of their resting on the road bank where a little below them the carriages and gigs of a fashionable suburban road flashed by in cinnamons, blues, and golds; pictures of their being stopped in the fields by healthy suburban girls dancing around Irving: Carlyle, tall, lean-faced, with soft tousled hair laughingly standing by.

Beside such scenes out of the past can be placed the picture of Carlyle in Kew teaching Charles Buller through weather too warm and beautiful for the best tutorial results while the summer Thames ran by, still lovely and unspoiled on these upper reaches, though the last salmon had been netted at Chelsea four years before and the blight of commerce was moving farther above London Bridge every day. But for completeness sake one must place against these fragments a vision of Carlyle walking in the lowering city with a bewildered and bitter pity for the men caught there by their time, blind to the hell yawning at their feet. From such a juxtaposition one can see Carlyle's Revolutionary Paris

beginning to take shape and fire. It was London as well as Paris that was described in the *French Revolution.*

When Carlyle returned to London after having visited Paris he took lodgings in Southampton Street, Pentonville. He again ranged the city on walks that led him south or west; through Bloomsbury to Piccadilly, through the gig-ridden streets of brick "dog hutches" in the fast closing-in suburbs, or into the wild and lurid mazes of Central London. It is rewarding, I think, to notice that Carlyle, once more back in London, is once again living within a mile of Dickens. These preappointed two will not behold each other for many years, but in their separate activities there are influences at work which will both determine the individual success of each, and their impact upon one another.

Charles, living in Camden Town, a mile north-west from Carlyle's lodgings, has been rescued from shoe blacking and is a student at Wellington Academy. The exuberance and the free time resulting from this deliverance are being turned toward a voracious study of the London streets that will intensify as he grows older. By the age of fifteen he will have a Mayhew's knowledge of London's scenes, people, and activities.

Aside from the satisfaction of receiving a most wonderful letter of recognition from Goethe in December, Carlyle found himself unhappy in London. He feared that he would be forced into a hot-house existence by settling in London, his heart gradually sealed shut by the Brick Babylon's grinding abominations of folly and inhumanity. He soon asks Jane if she will consider his writing from the soil while farming, a solution of their problem of how to marry. There are many exchanges of letters over this suggestion, but in a sense it is the solution they finally agree upon. Carlyle stays on in London to see his *Schiller* finished but it does not sell; Jane does not commit herself to rural living until she visits the Carlyles at Mainhill later in the year. Carlyle then abandons London. He is not to live there again for any length of time until ten years pass by.

But had Carlyle never returned to London, the influence of his first year there toward making a great hearted man of him would have perhaps been enough alone to produce the *French Revolution.* Carlyle created out of his observations and thought in Paris and London in 1824-1825 the symbols of a universe which he concentrated ten years later in his Paris of the French Revolution, a vision of God's purpose in men which was to sustain and mould at least one other man, then a boy in nearby Camden Town.

CARLYLE AND DICKENS

Ten years lacking a month after he had first landed there, Carlyle returned to London bent on finding a house which was not too far away from the British Museum. Matters at Craigenputtock and Edinburgh had grown intolerable. In order to save his marriage and to do the work he wished, the move to London was a necessity.

In June, Carlyle sent for Jane. He had found a house in Chelsea, a house one could shoot a gun from into Smollett's old house on Lawrence Street and a house in which he felt sure they could live comfortably. Carlyle was satisfied, too, that it was a place in which a man could work.

Out of the grimness of Craigenputtock and Edinburgh had come Carlyle's studies of Diderot and Cagliostro which had held promise for Mill that at last an English historian had risen who would attempt a work on the great revolution. The *Diamond Necklace* had already been planned and worked on in Scotland. Mill had rendered him great aid in hunting down books in Paris, and the Barjarg Library of the Hunters had given him access to a fine private collection of Revolution books and documents. Once the move to London was accomplished, Carlyle returned to his French inquiries trudging almost daily by way of St. James's Park, or Piccadilly and Charing Cross Road to the British Museum more than four miles away in Bloomsbury.

Carlyle had become a ticketed reader in the British Museum in 1831, a year before Thackeray. Both their memberships, however, were anticipated by eighteen-year-old Charles Dickens, who had been accepted as a reader in 1830 and who was busy now in mid-summer 1834 keeping his last home with his parents together as a parliamentary reporter who was the "fastest and most accurate man in the gallery." *Boz* had been born a year before, and Dickens's sketches were appearing regularly in *The Monthly Magazine*, when Carlyle finally began work on the subject over which his mind had been spiralling and gyrating for the better part of fifteen years.

In August 1834, Carlyle settled down to writing his *French Revolution*. He was not happy with the way the British Museum's inefficiency kept many of its treasures out of a man's hands, but with the help of Mill's cartload of Revolution books piled up around his reading chair at Cheyne Row and the books and pamphlets that had escaped the bungling in Bloomsbury, by midwinter he had made slow but steady progress in the planning and early writing of his history.

Carlyle's daily plotting out of Astraea's return and of Astraea's forced labour with a bloody basket under the moving parts of La Guillotine would probably have had little concern for young Dickens that particular winter. He was so busy working as a special travelling reporter that any interest in slow paced historical philosophy would have got lost in the rattling motion of coaches, carriages, gigs and saddle horses as he travelled the icy roads of England, and have been suffocated under the pressure of beating all the other reporters back to London. The rheumatism and temporary deafness with which these months plagued him and the dull loneliness of winter inns in frozen towns may have strongly impelled Dickens toward both dreaming out the fairer, friendlier travelling of *Pickwick Papers*, and toward adopting a vocation that would keep him off the roads in winter. At any rate before the year was out, Carlyle still doggedly at work on the *Revolution*. Dickens had taken over a new career with the printing of the *Sketches by Boz*, and Mr. Pickwick was only a few months unborn.

The first monthly number of *Pickwick* appeared on the London stalls the last day of March, 1836. Its green covers soon became so distinctive that Thackeray was later obliged to market *Vanity Fair* in yellow covers, and Lever his *Harry Lorrequer* in red.

The green covers of *Pickwick* soon made their way into 5 Cheyne Row. Carlyle found folly in them but in later years pointedly told of a minister who had come off second best to a dying parishioner's next number of *Pickwick*.

Carlyle's agonised re-writing of Book I of the *French Revolution*, and his completion of the work, run parallel in time to Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*. Carlyle finished the last sentence of the *French Revolution* on January 12th, 1837, only to take up the work of his first lectures on *Heroes and Hero Worship* a few weeks later. When he returned from a summer holiday in Scotsbrig to be told by Jane that he was famous, the three volumes of his history were being sought after by every enlightened man, and Charles Dickens's jacket pocket was probably already carrying one of the russet volumes everywhere he went. Young Dickens found Carlyle's mind many steps firmer and higher in vision and quality than his, but felt proud that Carlyle's essential view of things was only a grand amplification of his own. Dickens had also read Carlyle's *Chartism* (1839) before they finally met in February, 1840, at a dinner given by Charles Buller, Carlyle's former student, now a Member of Parliament.

Dickens found that Carlyle's profound mistrust of Parliament corroborated the misgivings he had felt as a reporter in Westminster's galleries when he had been filled with disdain at the bombast and circumlocutions he witnessed on the floor below. Dickens's concern with public welfare, already given smattering expression in *Boz*, *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*, needed Carlyle's fusing influence. The time was coming when Dickens would no longer lash out at merely the incidentals of cruelty and injustice but would tackle the fat, smug monster within. Carlyle's fierce penetration first pointed out the heart of the real enemy to him and then fed him ammunition and intelligence for many years to come.

It is easy to see Carlyle's influence upon *Barnaby Rudge* which is Dickens's first writing as a disciple of Carlyle. His dropping of Ainsworthian diffuseness, his centreing his novel's thrust in a mass-movement rather than manipulating puppets before a historical cyclorama has obvious debts to the *French Revolution*.

It cannot be said that Carlyle and Dickens became close friends upon their first meeting. It was not until after Dickens in America had been overwhelmed with the honour of Carlyle's warm championing of his fight for an International Copyright Law that real intimacy began, but it must be pointed out that Carlyle's early disparagement and patronising of Dickens is not entirely consistent with intellectual justice. Dickens's *Oliver Twist* probably influenced Carlyle to write *Chartism*. But whether Mr. Bumble had caused the Chelsea Isaiah to turn to political subjects or not, Carlyle, confronted with Dickens for the first time, approved of the young man on the grounds of his manhood alone. Dickens had made Carlyle glad by a cheeky little " bob " he had given a

leathery old dowager who had thought to be the centre of deference and attention. It is further recorded by Carlyle himself, in a letter to his brother John, that he thought "Pickwick" to be a "quiet, shrewd little fellow who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are." He found Dickens to have "clear blue intelligent eyes" and a very mobile face while speaking, and although he considered Boz more a public entertainer than a deep-purposed man, Carlyle was prepared to like him personally.

Dickens had already accepted Carlyle's mentorship and was to become a few years later, thanks largely to his own genuineness and sincerity, one of Carlyle's most stimulating and warmest friends. Even Carlyle's raw fastening of the epithet "Schnüspel, the Distinguished Novelist" upon Dickens in *Past and Present* (1843) did not make Dickens wince. His devotion once given would never be withdrawn. Dickens believed as Gissing pointed out, that Carlyle was far more passionate than he on behalf of the poor and hard driven, that Carlyle's visual depth and clarity were a layer closer to God and were therefore worthy of all his study and imitation.

The Carlyle-Dickens friendship blossomed out early after Dickens's return from America, and by the time the Dickenses travelled to Italy in 1845 they were able to count the Carlyles among their closest family friends. As early as Christmas, 1834, Jane had seen Charles doing conjuring tricks at a party for the Macready children. At the same party, undefended by Carlyle who was in Scotland, Jane had a playfully desperate time convincing Dickens that she would not waltz with him, possibly because a sweating Thackeray, careening around the dancing space, made venturing out unsafe.

This playful uninhibited Dickens was most dear to Carlyle himself. His playing about the older man "as Garrick did round Johnson" in affectionate high humour and wit, noted later by Percy Fitzgerald at a dinner for Forster, Carlyle and himself, must have been an early manifestation of Dickens' son-like respect and devotion to Carlyle—the other side of the coin of Dickens's philosophical homage.

The family friendship, begun by dinner invitations manipulated by Forster in 1843, continued as long as Dickens lived. Jane was invited, but could not come through illness, to the famous reading of *The Chimes* in November, 1844, held in Forster's rooms in the Temple upon the Dickens's return from Italy. Carlyle, who had been among many honest men who had cried upon the death of Little Nell four years before, cried again over Toby Veck's daughter.

The next summer Dickens, stimulated by the success of this reading, produced private theatricals which Jane attended but Thomas, in Scotland, did not. Jane had expressed wonder at Dickens's choice of summer time for producing a full length play in an actual theatre. "Whom do Dickens and Fuz expect in all the world to get for audience in September?" she asked. Jane found the audience a "rather rum looking lot" and was not charmed at all by Dickens's shouting the part of Bobadil behind red and black make-up like "a man of six feet."

The Lady Ashburton affair can be seen with advantage from Dickens's dinner table. It was there on May 12th, 1849, that Rogers openly took up with her the matter of Carlyle's spending " all his evenings " away from Jane in the parlour of Bath House, Piccadilly. Jane once confronted with the matter seems to have steeled herself to make good rather than ill of Carlyle's admiration for Lady Ashburton.

While there were indications that Carlyle himself had begun to respect what was distinguished in tone in society there was no falling off in his sharp criticism of the sty London had become nor any gentleness in his observations concerning the State of England. Dickens, genuinely in accord with Carlyle's views, was now in complete revolt against industrialism. Carlyle still hankered for some kind of a permanent hut or inverted tub to " fly to " " at any time out of Babylon when it is like to kill me," but spent a good portion of every year in Chelsea pot-shooting at the Podsnaps and Dombeys.

Carlyle's argument that all political institutions are a veil for force and his basic contempt for Might as such reassured Dickens in any squeamishness he felt over Carlyle's insistence on following the leadership of the strong. Carlyle, sheepish and vaguely discontented over the " No Revolution " England had just sustained at Kennington Common, was convinced that Wellington's victory was scarcely up to his old standard. The incoherent and vacillating rebellion seen at Kennington would not raise the iron shutters of Iron Dukes behind Hyde Park gates for many years, but was to do so one day through the efforts of such men as Carlyle and Dickens who perceived and wrote, during the forties and fifties, all that Bentham had forgotten to say in the beginning. Whenever the two men met these years, English Bumble-baiting surely had some of its greatest innings.

Because he particularly carried Carlyle's rifle on his shoulder when writing *Hard Times*, Dickens dedicated the novel, with permission, to his friend in Chelsea; Mill's rootless Liberty as well as Gradgrind's monstrous monism were now caught in deadly crossfire between Devonshire Terrace and Cheyne Row. The effect of Carlyle upon Dickens had been almost as pronounced as that of Carlyle on Leslie Stephen. If Carlyle taught Stephen " to work not to whine ", he had taught Dickens that story telling can be purposeful.

Another pronounced effect of Carlyle on Dickens, suitable to mention at this point, is that the influence of the *French Revolution* upon Dickens's style in *Martin Chuzzlewit* had been carried over in varying degrees of intensity to his later work. To the seriousness that Carlyle impressed upon all who followed him—still visible a generation later at Oxford in T. H. Green and R. L. Nettleship—in Dickens's case were added considerable stylistic influences.

While the influences of Dickens on Carlyle cannot be expected to be of momentous importance in view of their differences in age, temperament, and intellectual depth, it would be wrong to dismiss Dickens's influence upon Carlyle with such ephemera as the growing tendency of Carlyle to use Dickensian quotations and personages in the small talk of his letters and social contacts.

Forster's re-telling of Carlyle's quoting Mr. Peggotty's housekeeper to describe his own state of mind has become justly famous. And Carlyle's use of Mr. Toots's scientific observation on the vulnerability of fancy waistcoats is just another example of dozens of such scraps of Dickens that any scrutiny of the informal writing and conversations of Carlyle reveal. Rather, Carlyle seems to have had in Dickens a friend in whom he could always find an affinity of social purpose. As long as Dickens lived he could be depended upon to meet Carlyle's mind intuitively in matters of social justice and sensitivity. One of their last exchanges of views was mutual horror over the atrocities perpetrated at the zoo in the name of science.

Dickens's knowledge of the publishing and business world was useful to Carlyle, also. In a letter which is so repetitious and carefully expressed that it indicates Carlyle was possibly slow to accept business and legal advice from anyone, Dickens can be seen offering his help to Carlyle in approaching Bradbury and Evans, a publishing house. And it was Dickens whom Carlyle approached for help in re-establishing an impoverished writer through the funds of a Writers' Society, and it was again Dickens on whom Carlyle depended to help relieve the distress of Johnson's god-daughters, now old and penniless with nothing much left them but the plain fir desk on which Johnson had written his dictionary.

It must be remembered, however, in examining any friendship of Carlyle, that his fundamental position in human relationships was one of reserve. He kept his friends powerless to disarm his wrath. He kept, as well, the rough side of his tongue for anyone who seemed to deserve it, including Dickens. In a letter to Emerson about Dickens's separation from his wife, Carlyle showed complete understanding of the Dickens's problem but tacked on a moral that no man is very " good ".

> . . . No crime or misdemeanor specifiable on either side; unhappy together, these good many years past, and they at length end it. Sulzer said, " Men are by nature *good*." " Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, Er kennt nicht diese verdammte Rasse," ejaculated Fritz, at hearing such an idiom.

The separation of Dickens from his wife does not seem to have altered his relationship with the Carlyles. Jane is to be found dining in Dickens's company, usually with the Forsters, as often as before. The good-natured domestic evenings of the Carlyles whenever each new number of *Great Expectations* came out were a comfort to and later a fond memory for them both.

Dickens in the 1860's, with " the sound of cheering behind him ", living now at Gad's Hill, is still a devoted student of Carlyle. In a letter to Carlyle (April 13th, 1863) in which he invites Carlyle to a reading of Pickwick's Trial and asks him to bring Jane to Gad's Hill " on that long delayed visit ", Dickens closes with a direct statement, unintroduced: " I am always reading you faithfully and trying to go your way."

That Dickens's faithfulness to Carlyle's teachings of work and high seriousness fully satisfied Carlyle, however, is impossible

to maintain. One of the chief characteristics of Carlyle's mind in old age was a despair over the weakness and futility of other men. And Dickens's glee at making money; the spectacle of one of the geniuses of his time turned popular entertainer, burning himself out at his readings caused Carlyle real dismay. Tennyson's vacancy in the *Idylls of the King* did not hurt him any more than Dickens's rushing about " on his readings—in chase of still other thousands of pounds which he needed so little." Dickens's white hat seemed no longer the white plume of gallantry it had been to Carlyle in the days when you might bump into " Pickwick " in the oddest places in any weather, coursing the town with a feeling heart.

Carlyle now grumbled that he had always considered Dickens more of a " tight-rope walker " than a " reaper ". What was worse, Dickens cultivated a set of admirers who did him no good. Carlyle's journey on the smoky new underground to the Deanery at Westminster there to meet the Queen and Dickens, Browning and others in the spring of 1869, must have been rendered even more Tartarean for the old man by fear of what new decline he would see in Dickens. Dickens, it turned out, could not come; but what pain had been saved Carlyle thereby, was merely postponed. Dickens died a year later with nothing better to offer for his last years than half of a Collins's detective novel; died of the most gross self-neglect from Carlyle's point of view; died several steps short of becoming the man he could have become.

However, after Dickens's death in 1870 Carlyle's pronouncements upon Dickens which had got to be unreasonable in late years were softened and modified. Now that Dickens was gone and a sharp tongue could have no stringency upon the man himself and would be an injustice, Carlyle declared that he had heard in Dickens " real music of the genuine kind ", and that in Dickens was to be seen a healthy mind and a great soul. " It is almost thirty years since my acquaintance with him began," Carlyle wrote, " and on my side, I may say, every new meeting ripened it into more and more clear discernment of his rare and great worth as a brother man; a most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly decisive, just and loving man: till at length he had grown to such a recognition with me as I have rarely had for any man in my time . . ."

Carlyle's obituaries on Dickens do not explicitly state, but I believe they can be said to reveal, that Carlyle—at least upon Dickens's death—was able to recognise that Dickens had, more than any other of his friends, loyally and strongly pulled within the same harness as himself for many, many years. It is to be hoped that Carlyle was given to see that Dickens had fought, a noble Sir Bors, at the side of his own life's quest, and had done so in great part through love of him. The vision of the infinite that Carlyle had offered to a " generation of purblind mechanics " had never been more firmly implanted in any one than in Charles Dickens.

PLAYING DICKENS IN SCHOOLS

By Eric Jones-Evans

DO the majority of school-children read the novels of Charles Dickens for pleasure ?

The answer is: No.

This is quite understandable when one considers the vast amount of descriptive matter they contain, which, though fascinating to the older reader, can be deadly dull to boys and girls of school age.

Eric Jones-Evans as Pickwick

How, then, can their interest in England's greatest novelist be stimulated ?

By bringing to life, before their eyes, the immortal characters he created in print.

As a character-actor, this is what I set out to do, several years ago.

It was not going to be easy, I knew.

My own memories of educational entertainment when I was at school were unpleasantly vivid. Seated on a hard chair, with no means of escape, I was compelled to listen for hours to droning lectures on the Indian Mutiny, or cascades of Shakepeare from drooling recitalists.

Entertainment, ye gods ! It was sheer agony !

I firmly resolved never to inflict, if I could help it, such dire punishment on any school audience that came my way.

To popularise Dickens with children would necessitate an entirely different approach. The entertainment value must be stressed, and the educational side played down. In short—as Mr. Micawber would say—the academic pill must not only be sugared, but gilded.

To this end, I decided to introduce into the schools I visited, the warmth and glamour of the living theatre. This, I considered, would prove a striking contrast to the cold, impersonal atmosphere of the cinema—the only form of entertainment with which the vast majority of school-children were familiar.

That this was so, I discovered during my various tours.

In some towns, I was the only flesh-and-blood actor my audience had ever seen. The living theatre was entirely unknown to them. Astounding, but true !

To create the theatrical atmosphere, I carried my own lighting, including a 1,000 watt spot-light, fitted with a revolving colour-wheel to facilitate instantaneous lighting changes. This

enabled me to perform in every type of school-hall, even those unequipped with stages.

The next thing to be considered was the presentation of the characters. Immediate contact, continuity and speed, are the essentials when playing to juvenile audiences. Never, for a moment, must their attention be allowed to wander.

Eric Jones-Evans as Scrooge

I therefore devised a method of presenting my entertainment whereby their interest was maintained throughout a show lasting a hundred minutes.

This I achieved by making-up each character in full view of the audience. They literally saw the character grow till, finally, it stood before them, correct in every detail of voice, facial expression and deportment.

I alternated characters grave and gay. Mr. Micawber would be followed by Dan'l Peggotty; Vincent Crummles by Uriah Heep; Mr. Chadband by Bill Sikes; and so on.

I soon had a large repertoire—seventy-three in all—including special one-man presentations of *Barnaby Rudge* and *Oliver Twist,* in which I played all the male characters, making lightning costume changes at the side of the stage. These productions were, in fact, complete miniature plays, continuous in action and adhering faithfully to the original plots of the two novels.

It was, as can be imagined, extremely exhausting work, and at the end of my first tour I had lost two stone in weight. But the children loved the shows, and I had achieved what I had set out to accomplish.

A school provides a most stimulating audience for an actor. Unsophisticated, generous with their applause, and easily moved to laughter or tears, they inspire him to give of his best. It was a red-letter day when a fourth-form boy told me, after the show:

"No more Dan Dare or Spacemen for me. I'm going to read Dickens."

"Good!" I replied. "What will you start on?"

"*Oliver Twist,*" said he, "I can't wait to know what happened to Bill Sikes."

Well, well! It just goes to show, doesn't it?

I am often asked which of Dickens's characters appeal most to my audiences. Boys, as might be expected, seem to revel in the full-blooded villains, such as Squeers, Sikes, Fagin, Quilp and Jonas Chuzzlewit. Girls, on the other hand, appreciate the more

pathetic types—Dan'l Peggotty, Sydney Carton, Grandfather Trent and Barnaby. Uriah Heep is a general favourite, and so is Montague Tigg. Mr. Chadband provokes roars of laughter—so does Mr. Stiggins. One that never fails is Grandfather Smallweed from *Bleak House*. Scrooge is always welcome at the end of the autumn term.

Though admittedly old-fashioned, the robust, full-blooded style of acting these Dickensian characters demand, appeals to the children of to-day just as it did to their grand-parents. It opens a new world to them—a world that is "theatrically of the theatre"—where virtue is triumphant, and villainy meets its just deserts. Those sentiments were always good box-office. They still are, whatever the psychologists may say.

Since the war, almost every school has its own dramatic society, and I always make a point of enlisting the services of the stage and lighting staff. These are usually senior scholars, who are only too thrilled to help in any possible way. Their efficiency has amazed me. Ten minutes before curtain-rise we have a quick run through the lighting cues, and then on with the show. In all the schools I have visited, I have never known a single miscue or failure on their part. They were always "spot on", as we term it in the theatre.

In conclusion, my visits to schools up and down the country have impressed upon me the great truth that the genius of Dickens will never die.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

When Dickens visited St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics on December 26th, 1851, he could not have been accompanied by P. W. Bankes, as suggested in the interesting article, "A Note on Dickens's Psychiatric Reading", published in the January *Dickensian*. Percival Weldon Banks, barrister and essayist, died on August 13th, 1850, his brother-in-law Daniel Maclise being present.

If Dickens had a companion at the hospital, it seems more likely to have been Maclise, who had been invited to join him on a similar expedition in the previous year. "I don't know whether as a Painter, you would care to see what I am going to see at Highgate to-morrow—an Asylum of Idiots," he wrote from Broadstairs to Maclise on September 19th, 1850 (*Letters*, Nonesuch ed., II, 235).

The editors of the Nonesuch edition had not seen the letter purporting to have been addressed to Banks on June 27th, 1851. Their information may have been derived from the catalogue of the sale, for the benefit of the Red Cross, at Christie's on April 28th, 1916, in which this letter was included. Immediately below the entry in the Nonesuch volume is another relating to a letter from Dickens to Maclise, also dated June 27th, 1851. It looks as if there had been some confusion between this letter and one to Banks of unknown date.

Yours faithfully,

W. J. Carlton.

THE HONEYMOON VILLAGE OF CHALK

PERHAPS no figure in English Literature can equal Homer in the number of cities claiming to have given him birth, but at least three houses in the Kentish village of Chalk claim to have sheltered Dickens and his bride on their honeymoon in 1836.

It was not until twenty-five years ago that the problem was solved, and not even then for some who declined to recognise the evidence which then came to light. This has surrounded the matter with a regrettable comedy element. Now the cottage established as the correct one in 1932, has been condemned, and by the time these lines have appeared it will probably have been demolished.

At one time the favoured house was that now known as the Manor House, at the corner of Thong Lane. Laman Blanchard was responsible for this story, who stated that Dickens always slackened his pace to look at the house when passing, but it was later established that in 1836 it was the home of a retired surgeon who did not let rooms.

Then in 1911 the now defunct Gravesend Branch of Fellowship, having been offered a tablet bearing a sculptured face of Dickens by Percy Fitzgerald, decided to erect it upon a small wooden cottage on which it may still be seen. The extremely slender evidence that this was indeed the house, if it can be called evidence at all, is stated in *Dickens's Honeymoon and Where He Spent It*, by Alex. J. Philip, Chapman and Hall, 1912, and in *The Dickensian*, 1932, p. 114. This need not be restated here, but it should be placed on record that Mr. W. Glanvill Mason has ascertained that in 1836 this cottage had but two rooms on each of two floors, the second on the upper floor, being entered only through the first. As the occupier in 1836, Mrs. Craddock was known to have had a husband and three children, all under three years old, it is difficult to guess what accommodation was available for Dickens and his bride, to say nothing of a guest whom Dickens invited to stay with them there in the following year, as will be seen later.

With the publication in 1932, of Dickens's letters to his oldest friend, Thomas Beard, the matter was settled. Forster tells us nothing about the house except that it was in Chalk, but he tells us that Dickens, Catherine and their newly-born first child, returned to the same lodgings a year later. During that second visit Dickens wrote to Beard from " Mrs. Nash's, Chalk ", in February 1837, inviting him to stay with them there from Saturday to Monday.

Col. Gadd, the painstaking topographer to whom Dickens lovers owe so much, thereupon set about to discover which house Mrs. Nash resided in. The rate books had disappeared. But he found that there was a house that had borne her name right through the years, and still did. This was the house now condemned, and shown in our illustration. He had some difficulty, as he found there were a Mary Nash and an Elizabeth Nash known in the village, but Elizabeth's house, a brick building known as Victory Cottage, and still standing, is clearly not 120 years old, and from the statements Col. Gadd received from old inhabitants, it was Mary Nash who lived at " Mrs. Nash's ", in 1837.

It is noteworthy that as long before the emergence of the Beard letters as 1915, two writers, " T.G.B. and J.G.H. ", expressed the opinion that the Nash Cottage " certainly appears to have been the most likely house ", in an article in *The Kentish Pictorial and Gravesend Magazine*, for August in that year.

All efforts to persuade the owners of Mrs. Craddock's cottage to remove the prevaricating tablet have proved ineffective. The Editor is indebted to Mr. W. Glanvill Mason, of Chatham, for much help during the period when the fate of the cottage was in the

Mrs. Nash's Cottage at Chalk
photograph by W. Glanvill Mason

balance. Since the death of his friend, Col. Gadd, he has done his best for the truth of the matter, a task of some difficulty in the presence of that erroneous tablet. Mr. Greaves and the Editor were heard by the Health Committee of the Gravesend Corporation in an effort to save the house, but it was later decided that the Health Officer's demolition order should be carried out.

There is some consolation in the fact that the forge standing a few yards from the house, which is unquestionably that described in *Great Expectations* as Gargery's, is still sound, although it no longer functions as a forge. We are assured by the owner, Mr. Prentice, who also owns the Nash Cottage, that he has every intention of preserving it.

L.C.S.

BRANSBY WILLIAMS—Artist

Our old friend Bransby Williams, having conquered the new world of television at an age when most people have long put conquests behind them, has found a field for yet another. In March he held an exhibition of his paintings at Selfridges, and a fine show they made.

FOR THE DICKENSIAN'S BOOKSHELF

DICKENS AND WILKIE COLLINS[1]

Mr. Nuel Pharr Davis's recent book on Wilkie Collins is in many ways the most interesting study yet produced on the author of *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone*. This latest Collins biography is more substantial than Mr. Robert Ashley's condensed survey and more probing and speculative than Mr. Kenneth Robinson's. And yet the major mysteries in Collins's life remain unsolved. Mr. Davis's chief contribution to Collins scholarship is to demonstrate the ways in which Collins's writings reflect his life. He does this by reading Collins's works as literal autobiography. This method has serious drawbacks, and Mr. Davis does not sufficiently distinguish between reality and fiction. His test of whether a fictional passage is autobiographical is primarily subjective; and he selects only those details which will accord with his theses.

For example, he presents Collins's father, the painter William Collins, as a harsh hypocrite, a man whose dourness caused his son to build his life on antithetical principles. This is a persuasive interpretation, and Mr. Davis bolsters it by quoting from letters and novels, and by analysing Collins's early writing in the light of the father-son relationship. But such an interpretation is too one-sided; it neglects the essential ambivalence of Collins's attitude toward his father. And Mr. Davis achieves his portrait by emphasising one side of the relationship and suppressing the other. Although he quotes William Collins's strict and pious injunctions to his sons, he eliminates more tender or loving communications. It would greatly surprise a reader of Mr. Davis's book to find that William Collins also wrote to his young boys in the following manner:

> Both your letters were well written, and I was delighted to hear you were pleased with the holiday you had on Michaelmas-Day. I have made only a few sketches—one of them, however, will, I think, please you both. It is a drawing of a large grey horse, which was brought to me from the plough. The drawing occupied my time, I dare say, four hours. The horse is evidently of the Flanders breed, and I know Charley always likes to see horses of that class. I think I shall have it framed, and make a present of it to my own Charley. I have a sketch of a water-mill, which I rode many miles yesterday to make and which, if Willy [*i.e.*, Wilkie] should take a fancy for, I shall have framed and give to him . . . A pretty *long* letter, methinks, for two such *short* fellows!

Mr. Davis blends selected facts with selected fictional episodes in order to produce a life of Collins which accords with his conceptions. This method forces him into paradoxical positions. He sometimes accepts episodes from Collins's novels as autobiographical, and then rejects Collins's non-fictional statements about those same matters. And he is even forced to modify Collins's non-fictional statements to make them agree with the pattern he

[1] Nuel Pharr Davis, *The Life of Wilkie Collins*, (Urbana, Ill., 1956), $5.75.

is building. For instance, in the following quotation, Mr. David uses brackets to alter (almost to reverse) Collins's autobiographical testimony. Collins is speaking of his apprentice days and his father's kindness and consideration, but Mr. Davis, on the basis of *Basil*, interpolates a phrase which causes the reader to picture Collins as constantly imploring an obdurate father: " . . . Mercantile pursuits lost all attraction for me. My father—uniformly kind and considerate to his children [after five years of passionate pleading] tried making me a Barrister next."

This tendency to preselect and bend facts is paralleled by a tendency to present unsubstantiated conjectures as established facts. The book is peppered with " no doubt," " doubtless," " the truth is," " certainly," " it is certain," etc.—and such phrases are usually used to introduce undocumented statements about which there is a great deal of doubt. One wonders how Mr. Davis determined that " There can be no doubt that when the two [Dickens and Collins] talked together Dickens kept telling Wilkie of the market for homely, tender realism like that in *David Copperfield* (1850) "; or how he knows that " Wilkie at twenty-nine was willing to lead him [Dickens] where they could dabble in vice so long as it could be done discreetly and inexpensively "; or how (speaking of the origins of the cool latter-day relations of Dickens and Collins) he established that " It was evidently Dickens who took offence, out of a motive that may be described as jealousy or just indignation depending on one's point of view." None of these statements is documented, and there are hundreds of similar statements in the book.

The chapters devoted to the Dickens-Collins relationship contain page after page of distorting selectivity and pseudo-factual conjecture. In a typical instance, speaking of Collins's growing influence upon Dickens, Mr. Davis states without documentation, " Disrespectful letters that Dickens had written home from Italy about the old masters show whose opinions [*i.e.*, Collins's] he was then appropriating." This notion accords with Mr. Davis's theory of Collins's effect upon Dickens, but it does not agree with the facts. In a letter from Italy on this matter Dickens wrote:

> The Fine Arts afford a subject which I never approach; always appearing to fall into a profound reverie when it is discussed [by Collins and Egg]. Neither do I even go into any gallery with them. To hear Collins learnedly holding forth to Egg (who has as little of that gammon as an artist *can* have) about reds, and greens, and things " coming well " with other things, and lines being wrong, and lines being right, is far beyond the bounds of all caricatures. I shall never forget it.

Mr. Davis constantly ignores such passages which contradict his theories. Dickens, of course, did not need Collins to tutor him in criticising conventionally praised art; he had done so at length in *Pictures from Italy* long before he met Collins.

Mr. Davis pictures Dickens as a jealous, egocentric, tyrannical dissembler. Scores of details are wrenched to produce this image. With such a conception even the most innocent fun is transformed into nefarious Dickensian scheming. After conjecturing that

Dickens at forty-one was depressed, frustrated, and fearful, Mr. Davis goes on to state:

> These pangs of middle age made him sensitive to any suggestion of rivalry. In the nest few months he set Wilkie and Egg a pace intended to leave them in no doubt about who was leader.
>
> Though his campaign to this end was perhaps unconscious, he began it with a clever step. He suggested that they all three grow moustaches.

This "clever step" by Dickens was, according to Mr. Davis, Dickens's way of manoeuvering Collins and Egg into a submissive relationship to himself. "Thus," Mr. Davis concludes, "even before leaving Boulogne, Dickens gave Wilkie and Egg something to look up to." Such misreadings of the Dickens-Collins relationship are representative of Mr. Davis's method throughout the book.

This is unfortunate, for Mr. Davis writes well. He has covered the Collins materials thoroughly and has the Collins canon at his fingertips. In bringing Collins's writings to bear upon his life, he has illuminated several dark corners in Collins's biography. He has also shed light on Victorian author-publisher relations, and has set forth some suggestive hypotheses and comparisons. But by subordinating fact to thesis and conjecture, he has vitiated his work.

HARRY STONE.

DICKENS AND DOSTOEVSKY

Born at Moscow in 1821, Fyodor Dostoevsky was condemned to be shot as a social revolutionary in 1849, but at the very last minute the death sentence was commuted to imprisonment in Siberia for eight years. Between 1859 and 1881, the year of his death, he wrote his major novels, which included *Crime and Punishment* (1866), *The Idiot* (1868), *The Possessed* (1871), and *The Brothers Karamazor* (1880). He lived in great poverty, sometimes almost starving, but it is said he was followed to the grave by forty thousand of his countrymen.

Writing on Dickens over fifty years ago, George Gissing succinctly commented on a certain kinship with Dickens manifested in some of Dostoevsky's work. It is only of comparatively recent date, however, that possible Dickensian influence on Dostoevsky has been much discussed and a number of writers have purported to show that Dickens did have quite a considerable influence on the mind of the Russian writer.[1] However, studies have also been made of the possible influence on Dostoevsky of at least a dozen well-known writers, Gogol, Balsac, George Sand, Hugo, Hoffman, to name but a few, so that all sources of possible influence must be weighed and carefully considered before the influence of any one source may be fairly stated as a fact. In addition it is of importance to know to what extent Dostoevsky himself indicated, in letters and statements, his familiarity with the work of any given author.

[1] See "Dostoevsky for Dickens," by Bryan F. Hulse. *The Dickensian*, 1955, p. 66

With the foregoing very much in mind Professor Michael H. Futrell of Nottingham University, in a factual and well-reasoned article[1] has brought together practically everything of importance which could be associated with possible Dickensian influence on Dostoevsky. The Russian writer made very few direct references to Dickens but those quoted by Professor Futrell are sufficient to indicate that Dostoevsky was well acquainted with some of Dickens's novels.

More numerous are the instances quoted where various Dickens characters and their attendant moods are purported to have been reflected in the pages of Dostoevsky—Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, Grandfather Trent, Nell, Quilp, Dombey, Uriah Heep, Turveydrop, Pecksniff, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Steerforth, etc., and incidents connected with them are all cited as having impressed the mind of the Russian novelist. It must be acknowledged that in some instances the Dickensian influence appears to have been quite remarkable, in others it is more open to question.

Summing up his excellent survey Professor Futrell states that the character of Nell in particular and the novels *Pickwick Papers*, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *David Copperfield* appear to have been the principal sources of Dickensian influence and that such novels as *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*, which have been claimed as such by recent English and American critics, actually seem to have had little or no effect on Dostoevsky's writings.

There was of course a strong spiritual kinship between the writers—they were lovers of humanity, they espoused the cause of the oppressed, they interested themselves in crime and its attendant miseries and were deeply concerned about the welfare of children. It was Tolstoy who said " The best works of art of our time transmit religious feelings urging towards the union and brotherhood of man, such are the works of Dickens, Hugo and Dostoevsky."

Gissing, in his comment on Dostoevsky, said in effect that if Dickens had been born in Russia he might well have been the author of the long scene at the beginning of *Crime and Punishment* in which Marmelador (Wilkins Micawber?) makes a complete revelation of himself and family to Raskolnikov (Jonas Chuzzlewit). Dickensians who are acquainted with the works of Dostoevsky will find much to interest them in Professor Futrell's excellent article. With regard to Gissing's remark, they will, I am sure, be more than grateful that Dickens was *not* one of the great Russian writers, a fact which in the words of that great pedagogue of Do-the-boys Hall, " Is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon, for all parties."

While on the subject of " kinship " and " influence " among writers, I recall some remarks apropos of Dickens made by Elizabeth Barrett in a letter to Miss Mitford in 1840 and repeated in a letter to R. H. Horne a year or two later: " I quite forgot to say to you, my dear Mr. Horne, what I think is your only omission of importance in your admirable critical essay upon Charles Dickens. It is the influence upon his mind, most manifest and

[1] Dostoyevsky and Dickens. Michael H. Futrell. *English Miscellany*, Edizioni di Storia e Letteratura, Rome.

undeniable, of the French school of imaginative literature. When people talk of Fielding and Smollett as being ideals and models before him, elected by his own judgement, they (and even you) omit what consciously, or unconsciously, 'in the body or out of the body, I cannot say', Victor Hugo has been to him. Did you ever read the powerful, the wonderfully powerful *Trois Jours d'un Condamné*—and will you (if you have read it) confront your recollections of it with most of the tragic saliences of Oliver Twist—the scenes about the Jew Fagin, his trial scene and otherwise. Since, two or three years ago, I went regularly through all the romances of the gifted Frenchman, my admiration for our countryman has paled down paler and paler. The fact is, that we have no such romance-writer as Victor Hugo—let us be as anti-Gallic as we please."

LEO MASON.

PHIZ

In spite of the denigrators of the art of *Phiz*, Hablôt Knight Browne, and of those who prefer their Dickens without illustrations, his work is still as inseparable from that of Dickens, as that of Tenniel from Lewis Carroll, and many of us would not have it otherwise.

From *Pickwick* in 1836, to *A Tale of Two Cities* in 1861, he was virtually Dickens's only illustrator. At any rate, his were the only plates that accompanied the familiar green monthly "parts" of those novels which appeared in that fashion. And now there comes from America the most notable tribute to him since the appearance of David Croal Thomson's undeservedly neglected biography more than seventy years ago: *Phiz: Illustrations from the Novels of Charles Dickens*, by Albert Johannsen, University of Chicago Press. (Cambridge University Press, 67*s.* 6*d.*)

This monumental and unusually shaped volume contains reproductions, more than five hundred of them, of all the variants of the plates for seven of the eight major Dickens novels which *Phiz* illustrated. Why *A Tale of Two Cities* alone is omitted, is not explained, although one may hazard a guess.

The book is so designed that two variants of a plate may be printed side by side for comparison.

There is no denying that the true value of the artist's work cannot be appreciated except by a study of early impressions of the plates in the first editions, the collection of which, fortunately, is largely still possible for Dickensians of moderate means. No later impressions, or modern reproductions do them full justice, although the latter, naturally, vary considerably. Those in this book cannot truly be said to be among the best.

If, therefore, the book's greatest value is not an aid to the appreciation of *Phiz's* delicate art, its value and interest to the Dickensian collector and bibliographer is considerable. A vast number of happy hours could easily be spent in the study of the innumerable variations of plates.

It is gratifying to note that Mr. Johannsen is of the emphatic opinion that the variant plates were used indiscriminately, and simultaneously, and that the presence of any one variant in a volume is no evidence of a "first state".

L.C.S.

THE *MRS. GAMP* READING

The immense pains, the traditional evidence of genius, which Dickens took to perfect the text of *Mrs. Gamp*, which he used at his Readings with such conspicuous success, is fascinatingly demonstrated in a facsimile reprint of the author's prompt copy, now published in a limited edition of five hundred copies, at $6, by the New York Public Library, where, in the Berg Collection, lies the original.

The book is the first of the Judge and Mrs. Samuel D. Levy Memorial Fund Publications, a trust established by the sister of Dr. Henry and Dr. Albert Berg, publications based on material in the Berg Collection. It is a most handsomely produced volume of 141 pages with 61 pages of collotype facsimile reproducing the whole of Dickens's corrected copy. The Foreword is provided by Monica Dickens, and the Introduction by Dr. John D. Gordan, Curator of the Berg Collection, who also contributes the exhaustive notes.

A careful study of Dickens's continuous alterations, aided by the notes, demonstrates the patient art with which he slowly built up the reading into the closely knit and vivid character study it became. Even so there was considerable divergence of opinion on the result as heard at the Reading Desk. Two at least of his auditors have left their opinions, Charles Kent and Kate Field, the testimony of whom Dr. Gordan deftly weaves into his introduction. Now that the art of Dickens as an audible interpreter of his own work has become of even wider interest, owing to the performances of Emlyn Williams, the book may well find a wider appeal than is envisaged by the limited edition published.

L.C.S.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Hans Andersen and Charles Dickens, by Elias Bredsdorff (Heffer, Cambridge, 25*s*.) presents the fullest account of the friendship between the two writers that has so far appeared.

That, originally, each was attracted to the other by their published work, and that their meeting was cordial in the extreme, is well known, but not until the publication of all, or most, of the surviving correspondence, and, above all, of Andersen's diary of his long stay at Gad's Hill, in this volume, has it been possible to form satisfactory ideas about this curious friendship.

Andersen's adulation of Dickens remained with him to the end, but Dickens's feeling for Andersen did not survive the latter's five-week visit to Gad's Hill, a visit which had been expected to last a fortnight at most. Dickens successfully concealed his disappointment in his eccentric visitor, but not so his family. The diary is outspoken in its references to the lack of warmth with which the sons and daughters, and Miss Hogarth, treated the guest. Apart from Dickens himself, only Mrs. Dickens is absolved by Andersen from lack of courtesy and understanding.

Of the reasons for his lack of success as a visitor, Mr. Bredsdorff writes: " His incredible egotism, his constant anxiety, his frequent fits of irritability—in other words, all the peculiarities which

sometimes caused even his best friends in Denmark to lose patience with him—were naturally a contributing factor."

Of the reason for Dickens's failure to answer any of Andersen's letters after the conclusion of the long stay at Gads Hill, that usually advanced is Andersen's supposed habit of sending numerous friends to Dickens armed with letters of introduction, but this is now demonstrated to be a fallacy. In Mr. Bredsdorff's view, the reason is to be found in the publication in *Bentley's Miscellany*, in August 1860, of portions of Andersen's account of his sojourn with Dickens, previously serialised in Denmark, and also published in Germany. *Bentley's* gave in full Andersen's unstinted praise of Mrs. Dickens. Coming so soon after the separation from his wife, and sponsored by his old enemy, Richard Bentley, this may well have incensed Dickens. L.C.S.

BELZONI

Mr. Willson Disher's absorbing *Pharaoh's Fool*, Heinemann, 30*s*. is an account of the career of Giovanni Belzoni, who had an extraordinary career. Beginning as a strong-man at fairs, he graduated to Sadler's Wells, being responsible for some of the famous acquatic effects there. Thence he went to Egypt, as an expert in moving the colossi then being discovered, and began yet another career as an Egyptologist. Among the attractive appendices is one on Ellar the Harlequin whose memoirs Dickens declined to edit. The full story of that incident is related here. As part of the theatrical background of Dickens's time, the subject is well worth study, especially when handled in Mr. Willson Disher's competent and highly entertaining hands. L.C.S.

NEW EDITIONS OF THE NOVELS

Our Mutual Friend has recently been added to Macdonald's Illustrated Classics (12*s*. 6*d*.). This well bound and well printed series, under the general editorship of Malcolm Elwin, is noteworthy for the reprinting of the page headings devised by Dickens himself, a feature long neglected in modern editions. The original illustrations of Marcus Stone are used. The volume under review contains a stimulating introduction by Mr. J. B. Priestley, who, in expressing the opinion that the story of Ellen Ternan can be the only explanation of certain aspects of the novel, writes that in doing so he risks the rage of certain Dickensians. No, Mr. Priestley, not the rage—but the boredom perhaps. How refreshing it would be to see writers of the calibre of Mr. Priestley and Mr. Somerset Maugham taking the trouble to ascertain what has been established and what is supposition, with regard to this episode in Dickens's life.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood, now appears in Collins New Classics and reveals itself as a most convenient form in which to possess the book. There is an introduction by Mr. Cecil Day Lewis, and as appendices, there are Mr. Edmund Wilson's essay, taken from his *Wound and the Bow*, the account of the novel from Forster's biography of Dickens, and Dickens's revisions of his original draft as printed in Sir W. Robertson Nicholl's *The Problem of Edwin Drood*. In addition there are brief bibliographies of *Edwin Drood*, and of Dickens generally. L. C. S.

NOTES TO *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

By T. W. Hill

Introductory.—A large part of the interest of this book is the topography. The London scenes are described without any attempt to put the reader off the scent, but the country is thinly disguised as "the marsh country down the river" "about twenty miles from the sea" and a "five-hour journey" by coach from London. Until about fifty years ago it had been generally agreed that Pip's village, described in some detail but un-named, was identifiable as Cooling in the Hundred of Hoo, Kent. Then came the investigations of Colonel W. Laurence Gadd. During the 1914-1918 war Col. Gadd was in command of Cliffe Fort on the Thames, and when off duty he devoted much of his leisure to a very thorough study of the book and the district, continued almost up to the time of his death in 1945. He came to the conclusion that Lower Higham corresponds more closely with the text than Cooling does, and that Dickens had, for his own purposes and following many a precedent of his own, transferred a forge from Chalk and five out of thirteen tombstones from Cooling churchyard to Lower Higham. The present writer had the privilege of accompanying Col. Gadd on many of his expeditions and wanderings about the Marshes, and is convinced of the general accuracy of his deductions.

Was Miss Havisham a creation of Dickens's own or was he founding her character upon some original? The point has been much debated and possible originals are mentioned in the notes to chapter viii; here it is only necessary to say that in real life instances of disappointment in love affecting people's brain and causing them to become eccentric are not uncommon.

The chronology of the novel is a little difficult to unravel, but a great deal of light is thrown on it by the existence of some of Dickens's own notes. These are to be found appended to the original MS. of the book now preserved at Wisbech. The Editor of *The Dickensian* copied the pages of notes (in Dickens's own hand and made apparently for his own guidance) and has very kindly placed them at the disposition of the present writer; extracts from them will be found among the following Notes. Pip was 7 at the beginning of the story (ch. i); 8 when he went to Miss Havisham's (ch. vii); his visits to her lasted "a long time"—more than five years—till he was old enough—14—to be apprenticed to Joe (ch. xii-xiii); served with Joe till his fourth year at about 18 (ch. xviii) when he went to London to be "brought up as a gentleman" (ch. xviii). His education lasted more than four years and he had reached the age of 23 when Magwitch returned to England (ch. xxxix). This event took place some time in November or December as the capture of Magwitch was in the following March, the trial in April (ch. lvi) and Pip was ill till June (ch. lvii). Pip went abroad and returned after eleven years (ch. lix) and was therefore 36 when he married Estella. From these data and the use of the memoranda drawn up by Dickens and used in the notes to chapters xxii and xxxix, it is easy to compute all the events in the book.

For the purposes of serial publication in *All the Year Round* (1860-61) the novel is divided into three equal sections: Part I, 19 chapters dealing with Pip's life till his departure to London with his great expectations; Part II, 20 chapters, the period ending in his disillusionment and his decision to renounce his benefits; and Part III, twenty chapters, containing the tragedy and the " happy ending ".

NOTES

Chapter I

1. BEFORE THE DAYS OF PHOTOGRAPHS. That is before 1839, when the Frenchman Daguerre discovered the process known by his name, and the Englishman Fox Talbot made the first photographic print on paper.

2. HANDS IN THEIR TROUSERS POCKETS. A quaint simile that had occurred to Dickens quite early in his career. In *Oliver Twist*, chapter v, the coffin lids arranged round Sowerberry's shop looked in " the dim light like high-shouldered ghosts with their hands in their breeches-pockets."

3. MARSH COUNTRY. The flat country at the mouth of the Thames north of the main road from Gravesend to Rochester. Gad's Hill Place is close to the marshes. At the time of writing (1947) there is a proposal to flood the marshes (much of the surface is below high-water mark) between Cooling and Cliffe and to convert them into an airport and base for seagoing aircraft.

4. SMALL BUNDLE OF SHIVERS. Pip was not quite seven years of age. See chapter xxxix, note 1.

5. A MILE OR MORE FROM THE VILLAGE. The church at Lower Higham is almost exactly a mile from the village; at Cooling the few cottages constituting the village cluster round the Castle and the Church is adjacent.

6. STEEPLE UNDER MY HEAD. Lower Higham church has a steeple standing about twenty feet above the ridge of the roof; that Cooling has an imposing square tower.

7. JOE GARGERY. Dickens's original name for the blacksmith was George Thunder, and, as shewn by the MS. at Wisbech, Joe Gargery was not substituted until the narrative had been for some time under way. See *The Dickensian*, 1947, page 61.

8. OLD BATTERY. Cliffe Creek Battery, one of King Henry VIII's defences in 1539 was replaced by Cliffe Fort erected by General Gordon in 1869-1870. In Pip's time there was not much more than a mound to mark the position of the old battery. It stood between Cliffe Creek and Higham Creek overlooking the Thames on one side and the waste of marsh on the other.

9. LOW CHURCH WALL. The wall is only about three feet high and is actually on the edge of the marsh which is not so water-logged nowadays as it was a century ago.

10. THE BEACON. This was close to the battery; it was blown down by a gale in 1925. At one time it had been a real beacon that could be ignited, but in its later years became only a landmark for vessels navigating the river.

11. GIBBET WITH SOME CHAINS. One of a number of gibbets along the river bank, to which bodies of executed pirates were

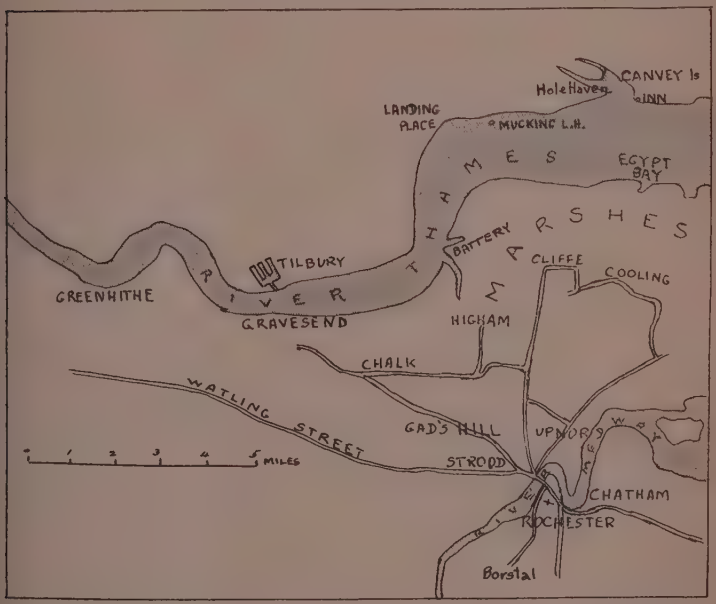
suspended. Reference is made to them in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, chapter lxvii; the death of Quilp.

Chapter II

1. HERCULES. An apt analogy; Hercules the son of Jupiter, Zeus in the Greek mythology, was noted for his strength and also for his tenderness to the opposite sex.

2. FORGE ADJOINED OUR HOUSE. The description of the forge and cottage coincides in every particular with the forge at Chalk, three miles from Lower Higham. The writer of these Notes was privileged to accompany Col. Gadd in an exploration of the premises thoroughly and the accuracy of Dickens's observation was amazing.

3. DUTCH CLOCK. Dutch, the English form of Deutsch



(German), is usually applied by English people to the inhabitants of the Netherlands, but here it means, literally, German for these clocks are really made in Germany (the Black Forest). With the exception of the actual wheels, they are constructed of wood, the figures on the dial and the hands being usually white, and their cheapness ensured their popularity among the poorer classes.

4. JACK-TOWEL. A coarse towel on a roller that got its name from the use of Jack, a form of the common name John (Latin Jacobus). Its use as a rather contemptuous term probably arose from the fact that any simple appliance that took the place of an attendant, man or boy, became a jack, as for instance jack-screw, jack-frame, etc.

5. TAR-WATER. Made by shaking together equal quantities of

cold water and wood-tar and then allowing the mixture to settle. It used to be considered a remedy for many chronic complaints; Bishop George Berkeley (1685-1753) in "Siris" extolled its virtues for the treatment of small-pox, consumption, fevers, ulcers, pleurisy, gravel, and disorders of the stomach. The present writer remembers its regular daily use (not by himself) as late as 1905.

6. HAD A TURN. This curious sensation, as if the internal organs really turned over, is a reflex nervous action, due to alarm or excitement. Such symptoms as the feeling of one's hair standing on end, blushing, etc., are also due to similar causes.

7. HAIR STOOD ON END. This of course does not literally happen. See previous note. Dickens's own query, "perhaps nobody's ever did" shews that he did not believe in it, in spite of his own minute description in *A Tale of Two Cities* (book iii, ch. viii): "a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head."

8. HULKS ARE PRISON SHIPS. A Coast-Guard ship at one time was stationed in Egypt Bay on the edge of the marshes, and became for Dickens's purposes a prison hulk; actually the hulks, which were depots for criminals sentenced to transportation were moored off Upnor in the estuary of the Medway north of Rochester.

9. LIGHT BY EASY FRICTION. Before the invention of lucifer matches. Easy may be sardonic, but certainly the use of flint and steel and tinder was easy compared with the methods of uncivilised peoples in rubbing briskly two pieces of wood together . . . In chapter lii the process of the tinder-box is fully described in detail.

CHAPTER III

1. GIV' NO ONE THE OFFICE. That is, forewarn or give information. Although this has now become a slang expression, it was in polite use in the eighteenth century and is derived from Latin *officium* (contracted from *opes*, help and *facio*, to do).

2. A LARGE DOG OF OURS. It might be interesting to speculate upon the reason why Dickens did not do more with this un-named animal of unspecified breed, considering his own love of dogs and the excellent use he made of them in his previous books: Bullseye in *Oliver Twist*; Boxer in *The Cricket on the Hearth*; Jip in *David Copperfield*; Fidele in *Our School*; Merrylegs in *Hard Times*; and Diogenes in *Dombey and Son*. One might legitimately ask where was this anonymous and inarticulate dog at the Christmas dinner in chapter iv; why was he not in vocal evidence when the soldiers came in chapter v; why didn't he bark when Joe felled Orlick in chapter xv; why did not he greet Pip on his visits from London; and so on? The only other mention of him in the whole of the narrative is Joe's reply to Mr. Jaggers's question: "Do you keep a dog?" "Yes, I do keep a dog" (chapter xviii).

CHAPTER IV

1. MONUMENTAL CRUSADERS. An allusion to the long-held opinion that the recumbent effigies of knights had their legs crossed to denote that they had been crusaders. This opinion is now believed to be ill-founded.

2. CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS. A well-known saying,

now a proverb that appears to be no older than the time of John Wesley, who, in his sermon "On Dress" (1791), observes: "Slovenliness is no part of religion . . . cleanliness is next to godliness." The same idea had been expressed by Francis Bacon in the "Advancement of Learning" (1605): "Cleanliness of body was ever deemed to proceed from a due reverence to God."

3. YE ARE NOW TO DECLARE IT. The Banns of Marriage are not called on Christmas Day, as noted in the next sentence, and therefore Pip was only exercising his imagination.

4. OUR FRIEND OVERHEAD. In the days of the three-decker pulpit the lowest stall was occupied by the parish clerk who led the congregation in the "responses," etc., the middle stall accommodated the parson who read the prayers and the Litany, and the top was the pulpit to which the parson ascended to deliver the sermon. Hence Mr. Wopsle's reference to "our friend overhead".

5. MOVED THE TABLE. A sly dig at the "Table-turnings" and other manifestations of the "spiritualists" who indulged in seances with pretended super-human communications with the unseen.

Chapter V

1. HOB AND NOB. From the Saxon Hab and Nab (to have and to have-not). It signifies a community of feeling, an interest and cosy familiarity and friendliness. The ritual described by the sergeant is correct in detail and "ring once, ring twice" is said as the glasses touch.

2. CALLED FOR THE OTHER BOTTLE. As one of the bottles contained port and the other sherry the gentlemen cannot have avoided "mixing their drinks". The wine had been presented by Mr. Pumblechook to Mrs. Gargery so it is evident that none of it was ever drunk by her.

3. GATE AT THE SIDE OF THE CHURCHYARD. The five-barred gate giving on to the marshes at the end of the road that runs by the side of the churchyard wall of Lower Higham to prevent cattle from straying. The churchyard wall (see chapter i, note 9) also has a wicket gate giving on to the marshes.

4. MINIATURE WINDMILL. Part of the apparatus used to control the flow of the tidal waters in the ditches and dykes that drain the marshes.

5. OVERGROWN MANGLE. The bedstead must have been a substantial one, as the framework of the old-fashioned mangle was about six feet long by three feet wide and heavily built to support the massive roller and carrier.

Chapter VI

1. LET HIMSELF DOWN THE KITCHEN CHIMNEY. "The old open fireplace . . . has been modernised . . . the open chimney was too draughty . . . a convict would be hard put to it to let himself down the existing kitchen chimney with or without a rope." (Col. Gadd.)

Chapter VII

1. WALK IN THE SAME ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE. The full sentence in which this phrase occurs is in the Church Catechism

where the Catechumen's reply respecting the promises on his behalf made by his godparents: "And thirdly, that I should keep God's holy will and commandments and walk in the same all the days of my life."

2. LIQUIDATION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT. Apparently the contents of Pip's money-box were to be deposited in one of the Savings Banks established in the eighteenth century; the P.O. Savings Bank was not opened till 1861.

3. KEPT AN EVENING SCHOOL. The teaching profession might be entered by anyone in olden days and was the resource of many ladies as a polite method of earning a livelihood. It was not till the middle of the nineteenth century that Government took in hand the national education of the young. In chapter xxxv when Biddy lost her situation as Mrs. Gargery's companion she obtained employment as mistress in the new school; her own education had been of the most haphazard description.

4. MARK ANTONY'S ORATION. In Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, act iii, scene 2. Always a favourite passage for recitation.

5. COLLINS'S ODE ON THE PASSIONS. William Collins (1720-1756) was a minor poet who wrote several odes and some quite acceptable short poems. His life was written by Johnson who knew him personally. The particular Ode mentioned runs to 118 lines and is entitled "Ode to the Passions (for music)". The following extract is the part that Wopsle was so fond of:

> " . . . with a frown,
> Revenge impatient rose;
> He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
> And with a withering look,
> The war-denouncing trumpet took,
> And blew a blast as loud and dread,
> Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe
> And, ever and anon, he beat
> The doubling drum with furious heat."

The opening line of the ode is:

> "When music, heavenly maid, was young."

6. A FULL YEAR. Pip was now 8 years of age. See chapter xxxix, note 1.

7. KEEP THE POT A-BILING. The pot is, of course, the cooking pot from which is taken the sustenance of the family—the necessaries of life. To keep that going Joe had to go to work because his father would not. The same meaning attaches to "pot-boiler" for something done for the sake of money, as in the case of the smelter, Jaggers's lodger, in chapter xxiv. Keep the pot a-boiling has also the meaning of showing constant activity, as in *Pickwick Papers*, chapter xxx, where Sam urges Mr. Pickwick on the slide to "keep the pot a-biling, Sir."

8. MERE MOONCALFS. A mooncalf is a dolt, a congenital idiot, from the medical meaning of the term for a monstrous birth, supposed by the ancients to be due to the malign influence of the moon. In Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Stephano accosts the monster Caliban, who says he used to be "the man-i'-the-moon when time was," thus:

"How now mooncalf, how does thine ague?" (act ii, scene 2).

9. RIDGY EFFECT OF A WEDDING RING. It has been pointed out that a similar expression occurs in George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* (Mr. Gilfil's Love Story), published a couple of years before *Great Expectations*; it has also been observed that Mrs. Gargery must have been left-handed. See *The Dickensian*, 1924, page 98.

CHAPTER VIII

1. PREMISES IN THE HIGH STREET. Usually identified as a handsome Elizabethan house (now accommodating shops) in Rochester High Street. Dickens uses the same building in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* for the business of Mr. Sapsea, the auctioneer.

2. A GORGING AND GORMANDISING MANNER. Note the resemblance of Pumblechook to Chadband in *Bleak House*. Pumblechook was a large hard-breathing middle-aged slow man with a mouth like a fish; Chadband was a large yellow man with a fat smile, and was a "consuming vessel—a gorging vessel." Magwitch's table-manners were comparatively refined; he was only "a heavy grubber."

3. THE STRANGEST LADY I HAVE EVER SEEN. In seeking an original for Miss Havisham, one story is that Dickens heard, from a friend who had visited Australia, of a disappointed bride-that-was-to-be who remained a voluntary prisoner in her own room in a suburb of Sydney, for the rest of her life, surrounded by all the wedding finery (see *The Dickensian*, 1906, page 298). There is also the germ of a possible Miss Havisham in the Legend of the White Woman of Berners Street mentioned in Dickens's article *Where We Stopped Growing* in *Household Words* for January 1st 1853, reprinted by Matz in the volume *Miscellaneous Papers* (1908). Kitton also found an original in the account of an old recluse burnt to death in a house near Hyde Park. Finally, James Payn, the novelist, writes in his *Some Literary Recollections*: "Certain incidents I communicated to him (Dickens) which had come within my private experience—and were taboo so far as my own pen was concerned—were made excellent use of in *Great Expectations*, where Miss Haversham appears for the second time to my eyes, as large as life indeed, but not one whit exaggerated." It may be that here we have the real original of Miss Havisham.

4. CALLS THE KNAVES JACKS. Both terms are quite legitimate as knaves were servants and so were jacks. The history of playing cards is somewhat obscure but it is known that in a Venetian pack of cards of the fifteenth century the "court" cards were King, Queen, Chevalier and valet. In the modern English pack the Chevalier is suppressed and the valet has become a knave to the educated and a jack to those not so privileged. Hence Estella's scorn.

5. FOUR MILE WALK. Lower Higham is almost exactly four miles from Rochester ("Our Town") by a fairly good direct road; Cooling is more than five miles and there is no straight route. See Introductory.

CHAPTER X

1. DIP CANDLE. Made by dipping the wick several times into melted tallow (the successive layers can often be seen if the "dip"

is cut through). Wax candles are cast in moulds. The price of " dips " used to be a penny for four.

2. MOIST SUGAR. The popular name for " pieces ". Demerara sugar is a " moist " sugar; it is not really moist, but has a damp feeling from its stickiness if run through with the fingers.

3. DESIGN FOR A BUCKLE. The aptness of the simile will be appreciated at a glance when looking at a Gothic capital B.

4. THREE JOLLY BARGEMEN. As so often with Dickens's inns the name is fictitious. The largest inn in the district is the " Chequers " at Chequers Street, the southern part of the parish of Lower Higham. It was rebuilt in 1900.

5. LONG CHALK SCORES. The old rough and ready method used by innkeepers for keeping account of the customers' debts.

6. SETTLE. A long wooden seat with a high back and curved ends to serve as arm-rests. They effectually kept off the draught.

7. RELATIONS A MAN MIGHT NOT MARRY. In the Book of Common Prayer there is a " Table of Kindred and Affinity " shewing the degrees of relationship within which a man or woman may not marry. This list was drawn up by Archbishop Parker in 1563 and became the law of the land.

To be continued

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Headquarters: See p. iii of cover.

Broadstairs	May	6th	Dickens Recital. Mr. John Greaves.
	June	3rd	*David Copperfield.* Mr. W. H. Hazelwood.
Hull	May	3rd	Annual General Meeting.
Plymouth	May	6th	Annual General Meeting.
Portsmouth	May	14th	Annual General Meeting.
Preston	May	16th	Councillor G. Wickham Paget.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE — Buxton — May 24th-27th.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Brisbane	May	31st	Dickens Sketches.
	June	14th	Father Hanrahan.
	Aug.	30th	Love Scenes from Dickens.
Sydney	May	3rd	Miss F. Gourlay and Mrs. Stephens.
	June	7th	Film Night.
	July	5th	"The Wanderer's Way." Rev. Norman Cocks.
Dunedin	May	21st	Paul's Life and Death.
	June	18th	Rehearsal for the Women's Club.
	July	23rd	The Life of Dombey.
Marinette	May	13th	President's Luncheon—Annual General Meeting.
Worcester	May	15th	*Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes.*

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24th-27th ANNUAL CONFERENCE at Buxton, by invitation of the Sheffield Branch.

June Sat. 8th. A wreath will be laid upon the grave of Dickens in Westminster Abbey at 3-45 p.m.

With Boz to Seven Dials, conducted by Mr. T. V. Brewer. Meet outside St. Martins in the Fields, 5-30 p.m.

Sat. 29th. Half-day visit to Rochester by train: conducted by Mr. T. V. Brewer. Tickets 14*s.* 6*d.* from the Dickens House.

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